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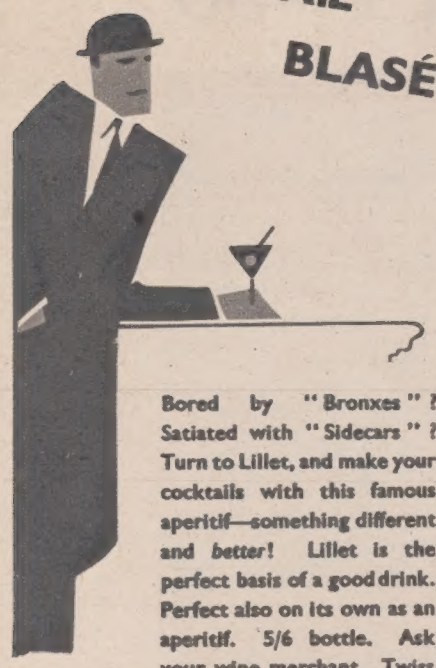

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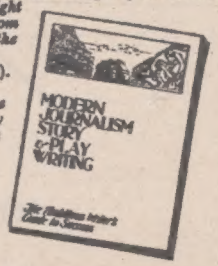

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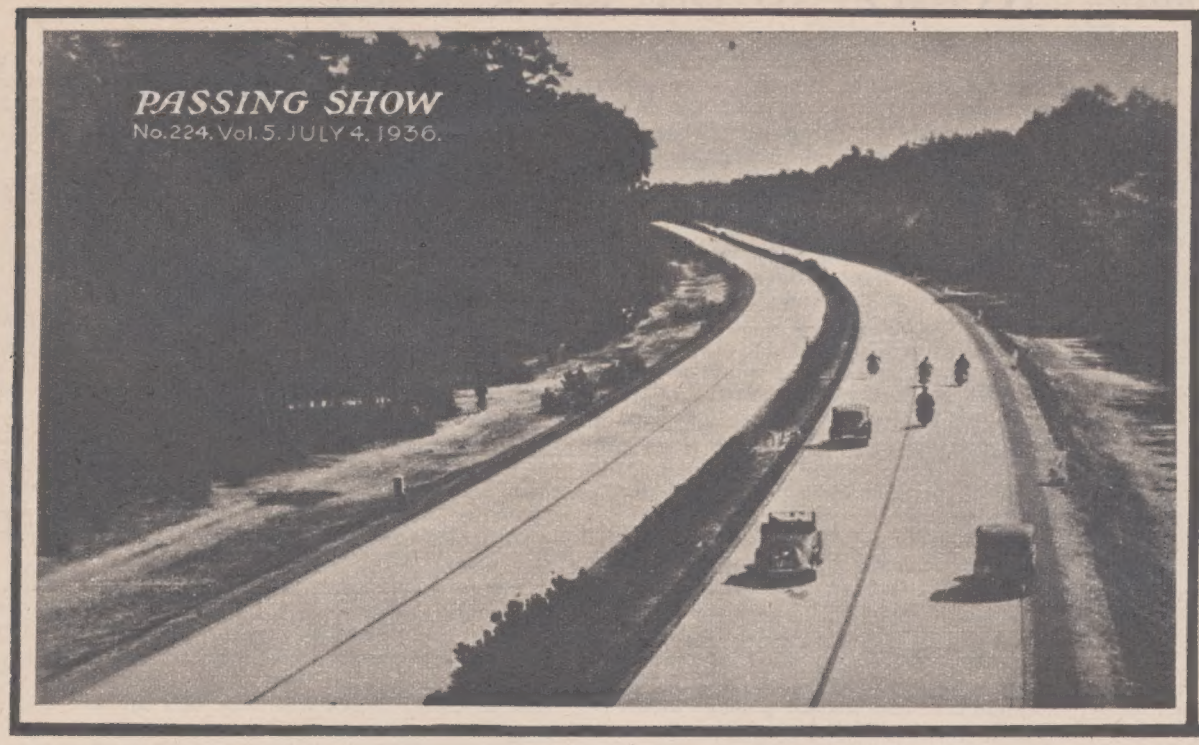


One of Germany's express-motor-roads.

Roads to Safety

by DAPHNE CLARE

John Loudon Macadam, the great road-maker, died in November 1836. Surely the centenary of his death should be commemorated by a further attempt to perfect the English Highway, the foundations of which were laid by him.

SIX THOUSAND road deaths each year! That is the price which, in spite of every effort of Mr. Hore-Belisha, we have been paying, partly because we refuse to live up to this age of speed. There are more than two hundred thousand miles of roads in Great Britain; nearly all of them remain, except perhaps for a surface dressing, as they were when built to take governess carts, squires' gigs, farm tumbrels, and stage coaches.

How can we blame the average motorist, who is usually a careful and capable driver, for accidents when we force him to drive on roads that were never intended for motor-traffic? All the accidents cannot be the work of road-hogs; even the most careful pedestrian is sometimes in danger. The common enemy of both driver and the man-in-the-street is the faulty road surface.

Even the speed limit, which has reduced deaths in certain built-up areas, is not enough to combat the dangers of roads that would try the efficiency of the best of drivers.

Roads are frequently too narrow and dangerous in their curves, lighting is either bad or absent, and there are no footpaths where the pedestrian may walk in safety. These reduce the efficiency of drivers in the same proportion as they increase the dangers for other users of the road.

For good or ill, whether we like it or not, this is the age of motor-cars and we must make proper provision for the new order of things.

Roads all over the country must be modernised so that they can take any bulk of motor traffic. Yet rapid improvement is made difficult (in some cases it is nearly impossible), because at present each local authority is responsible for the roads within its area.

The Ministry of Transport will give a grant frequently covering the greater part of the cost, to any scheme that a local council approves, but even then the authorities may be reluctant to levy extra rates on a small community, merely to provide *the portion running through its district* of a main artery from London to Liverpool.

"What has this road got to do with us?" local government officials ask. "We do not need it. A much less costly arrangement is sufficient for our needs. It will not add to the prosperity of the district because it will carry through traffic. Why should we put 6d. on the rate to provide it?"

Why should they?

The road problem then is not local. It is national. The whole subject is so vast that nothing less than a Central Board of Control can deal with it.

National funds should be used to build and maintain national roads. Highways that are vital to the life of modern Britain should not be left to the whims of local authorities.

The Ministry of Transport has already done much to pave the way for such a board. Slowly, because of the cumbrous way it must work, it is bringing a little order into chaos; it has set a "pattern" for road making that has already produced greater uniformity in roads wherever they are being built.

If local authorities refuse to conform to the new scientific standards set by the Ministry, they do not get a grant from the Road Fund either for improving old roads or building new.

Every "lane" of traffic, the Ministry says, should be 10 ft. wide. If a road is to carry 400 vehicles at the peak hour, four lanes, two in each direction are advised. This arrangement has been proved safer for everybody; the motorist, the pedestrian, and the driver of a horse van or a donkey cart.

Cycle tracks, 6 ft. wide, are being more generally adopted. So are grass verges to separate the roadway from the footpath or the cycle track, and spaces left for trees and shrubs to be planted are becoming a recognised part of the new "fashion" in road lay-out.

Our roads should be of standard width and have uniform surfaces not only to make things more "comfortable" for the motorist, but also for safety sake. A man driving in conditions that do not tax him unnecessarily will tire less quickly, his eye and brain will remain fresh longer, his judgment will be keener, and he is therefore "safer" to everybody concerned. This is important on long-distance routes where a man may be driving for hours on end. Any saving in fatigue will keep up the standard of his driving.

Experts are agreed that the fewer changes there are, particularly of surface, colour, and lighting, on these roads, the fewer the accidents. At present, motorists are constantly being plunged from one change to another. No sooner have they become accustomed to the "feel" of one surface (perhaps a good surface on which they know they can with all safety take a little liberty) than they find themselves without warning, on another surface not nearly so good where the same liberties taken mean serious danger.

For this reason experts denounce the habit of laying short stretches of road for experimental purposes on main thoroughfares, but scientists responsible for the experiments say the final test *must* be made under actual working conditions.

Laboratory tests, however carefully made, are never quite the same. Road scientists are not prepared to give their verdict on materials or structure until they have been tried out for long periods in actual use *on the type of road for which they are intended.*

Nevertheless motorists seem to be justified when

(*continued on next page*)

Cycle-track experiments have proved successful.

Motorists are often blamed when the road is at fault.

Yet another new German road.

Continuing ROADS to SAFETY

they object to such stretches of road as that from Hook to Dorking in Surrey. Through the Leatherhead by-pass the distance is only 12 miles *but there are fifteen changes of surface.*

This road takes heavy traffic, including buses. Besides the numerous changes of surface there are many changes of width. You reach a fine stretch of road and you go "bowling along." Then suddenly it narrows dangerously. Presently you come out again to another good stretch. There are, also, many awkward bends and dangerous corners. These frequent changes keep the driver constantly on the *qui vive*, adding tremendously to his fatigue. Such conditions add to the dangers of the road.

Another example of varying surface is a road, scheduled at the Ministry of Transport as Road A246, running between Guildford and Leatherhead in Surrey. There is 100 yds. of coarse granite chippings at Hawkes Hill ; between Guildford and Clandon there is 2½ miles of dark granite chippings; between Clandon and East Horsley there is 3¼ miles of light brown shingle.

From East Horsley to Bookham we get a light brown shingle surface, but patched every here and there with tarmac giving a sort of spotted dog effect; and from Bookham to Leatherhead we drive on a road of asphalt with granite chippings rolled in.

These are outstanding cases but the same thing is happening in other parts of the country. The Chester road from Brownhills through Castle Bromwich to Coventry is another example. Watling Street, the famous road built by the Romans nearly two thousand years ago, has a bad stretch of forty miles between Shrewsbury and Brownhills. The road from Alresford to Winchester is another and the Oxford-Henley road between Shillingford and Dorchester still another.

On the credit side of the balance sheet is the real advance that has been made in producing non-skidding surfaces. These advances are largely due to the research work carried out at the Road Research Laboratory at Harmondsworth, just outside London.

Scientifically it is now possible to produce surfaces that give just about perfect non-skid results under laboratory tests. "But," said an official at the Laboratory, "to get a surface that will *remain* non-skid for a long period is more difficult."

The essential thing is to have a slight coarseness.

When a new road is being built from the foundation upwards it is possible to get a good non-skid surface that will last several years. On stretches the Research Station is keeping under observation the surface is still good after three and five years but the majority of roads have been "down" twenty or thirty years. Local authorities do not like the idea of "building" the whole road over again.

There is something to be said for their point of view because these roads are still in perfectly good condition. So they try to bring them up to date by giving them non-skid surfaces.

It is easy to give a road a non-skid surface, but to *keep* it non-skid is a problem that the road scientists have yet not succeeded in solving. They have an ingenious motor bicycle and sidecar at Harmondsworth fitted with scientific instruments by which it is possible to "measure" the amount of skid on a road. So it is possible to test, to an exact degree, the wearing properties of any non-skid surface.

To do the local authorities justice, they are usually eager to keep abreast of the times with their road making. The official at Harmondsworth told me that there is hardly a new road built in the country that is not given a good non-skid surface. The trouble is with old roads.

Road cleaning is another important factor in reducing the number of accidents. This is the next weapon that research workers hope to use in driving death off the roads. At present experiments are not sufficiently advanced for any definite conclusions to be drawn, but it has been discovered that the "film" on a wet road contains all sorts of substances besides water and dust. There is oil, for instance, from the cars, and petrol, and traces of rubber from the tyres.

Experiments have shown that a rough surface, of the kind used for non-skidding, will stand more "greasiness" than a smooth surface and still remain safe for driving.

The Automobile Association points out that greater cleanliness of roads is clearly called for in the interests of safety. "During the week-ends, for instance," an official told me, "it is quite common for no road cleaning to be done from noon on Saturday until 8 o'clock on Monday morning—a period of 44 hours. Yet for many roads this is the busiest part of the week. The result is that on a wet *Monday* morning there are always more accidents, because the roads are dirtier."

Finally the motorist must not forget his own responsibility with regard to tyres. If his tyres are not in good condition, then the best roads in the world will not save him from skids.

One of the first reforms a Central Control Board might bring about is uniformity in the camber of roads. At present every local council surveyor can please himself. Some roads are as much as twelve inches higher in the centre than at the side. These excessive "slopes" add greatly to the danger of driving for anyone who is not "sitting on the crown of the road." On the grounds of drainage acute cambers are not justifiable, for experts say that two or three inches is sufficient.

A few ultra modern roads have the drainage in the centre and "cup" down to it a few inches. The water is carried away through "drains" at intervals along the very slight depression in the centre.

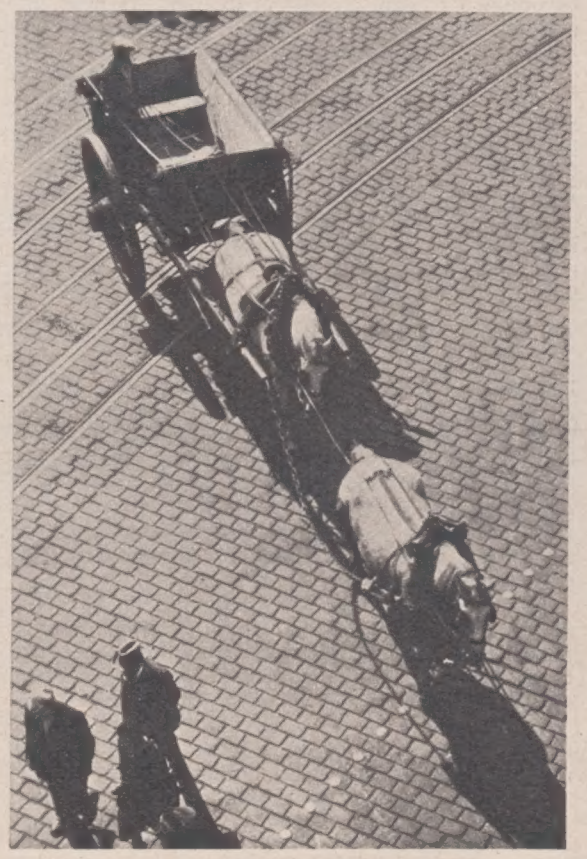
A census taken by the Automobile Association recently revealed that 7,000 miles of first-class roads *have no footpath at all.* As there are 16,837 miles of second-class, and 134,891 miles of unclassified roads in England and Wales, and as these are even less likely to have footpaths than the first-class roads it clearly shows that the safety of pedestrians is not being properly watched.

The A.A. recommends that at least one footpath, 4 ft. wide wherever possible, should be on *every* road except the merest country lanes that take very little traffic. The Pedestrians' Association makes the same complaint about insufficient footpaths, putting forward the suggestion that where there is no room for a footpath on the road itself it should run behind the hedge.

Mr. Hore-Belisha comes in for a lot of adverse criticism, but to be fair it must be remembered that he has few positive powers. All he can do is to advise. He gives grants covering the greater part of the cost, but unless the local authority concerned approaches him first he can do nothing.

The Ministry of Transport expects that between £26,000,000 and £30,000,000 will be spent on improvements of various kinds this year, but there is no scheme for a big national road included in this estimate.

Although the schemes are small some of them are extremely important since they do away with out-of-date links on otherwise modern up-to-date main roads. In other cases where they have perhaps less national importance, the ordinary users of the roads will welcome them as bringing greater comfort and safety.



Motorists must still use roads made for farm-carts.

Take, for example, the diversion now being constructed near Barton Hill on the main road from York to Scarborough. This road, which is used during the summer by holiday makers travelling to the seaside, is very winding and at one point there is room for only one line of traffic in each direction.

Motorists are constantly delayed at Spittle Beck level crossing waiting for the gates to open, because trains on the line are frequent, and the gates have to be closed to let them pass.

The new diversion is three miles long. It does away with a number of bends, will have "dual carriageways" (the official term for two traffic lanes in each direction), cycle tracks, grass verges and a footpath. A bridge over the railway will take the place of the level crossing.

They are going *to change the course of the riverbed* so as to improve the road from Exeter to Crediton. Here there are two awkward bridges close to each other over the River Yeo. On the river bridge the road narrows to 15 ft. That is enough to indicate its danger.

The road will be remade for 500 yards—just over a quarter of a mile—and the river will be diverted for 230 yards. There will be a new bridge over the river and a new bridge over the railway. The new road, which will be almost straight, will cost £14,500. Work will start this summer and it may take a year to complete.

Motorists who use the main road from London to Carlisle will be glad to hear that Skew Bridge, the railway bridge over the road at Dockacres near Carnforth, is to be rebuilt. This is an example of an out-of-date link spoiling an otherwise modern thoroughfare, for this is the main road to Glasgow. Both north and south of the bridge there is a fine new road, but the present bridge itself is an obstacle.

It is arched, narrower than the new road, and rather low at the sides. Loaded motor lorries find it dangerous to pass under the bridge except in the centre of the road, and as this is a main commercial road it is easy to imagine how much this impedes traffic.

The new bridge will be made of steel girders. It will be wide enough for the road under it to be widened to correspond with the existing road north and south.

Motorists travelling from Birmingham to the west of England will no longer be delayed at the level crossing at Water Eaton in Oxfordshire. A fine bridge has been built so they can cruise over the railway line with never a care for passing trains.

Thanks to the Ministry of Transport and the Oxfordshire authorities a danger spot at Yarnton, on the road from Oxford to Stratford-on-Avon, has also been made much safer. There are two bridges here, one over the canal, the other over the railway. The canal bridge had a bad "hump back" which has disappeared and the approaches have been lengthened, and the bridge widened. The old railway bridge had a bad bend in it which the new bridge now being built will eliminate. The road over it is wider.

These are a few examples of improvements being made this year. They are typical of a big drive which the Ministry of Transport is making, but it is not enough.

The Pedestrians' Association, of which Viscount Cecil is president, suggests as one solution of our traffic problem the building of special "motor ways" similar to that running from Milan to Como in Italy. These would resemble railroads. They would be fenced off so that vehicles could only leave or enter at given points. Other roads would either go under or be taken over them. At regular intervals there would be garage and refreshment stations and possibly hotels. *There would be absolutely no speed limit.* Anyone could "do" 100 miles an hour if he wanted. I have been driven on the Milan-Como "Strada" at 96 miles an hour with no danger involved.

Two thousand miles of such motor ways—London to Edinburgh (Edinburgh to Glasgow, Glasgow through Carlisle to London) London to Penzance with a branch to Plymouth, London to Bristol, London to Swansea (over the Severn), London to Brighton, London to Margate, London to Lowestoft, London to Bournemouth—would make a tremendous difference to the road traffic of Great Britain. A rough unofficial estimate of the cost is £30,000 a mile, or £60,000,000 for the entire scheme.

Such a scheme would automatically reduce speeding on ordinary roads, for the motorist who wants speed would get more of it on the motor roads. There would be greater safety for the speeding motorist and for users of the King's highway.

Another Episode in the Hectic Career of Mr. Glencannon

by

Guy Gilpatric

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD OSMOND

"Oh, come, come, lass!" said Mr. Glencannon consolingly.

WAILING Lady

SHORTLY before dawn on a misty morning some twelve years ago, a British tramp ship called the *Sherwood Forester* rounded the North Foreland at the mouth of the Thames Estuary and settled into the home stretch of her long trek from the Far East.

The crew were thinking of a good old binge, three days blind and then stoney broke; Captain Whitstead was pleasantly occupied in thinking what he would say to those swine, the owners; Mr. Hale, the first mate, was polishing the scathing valedictory he would shortly address to that curmudgeon of a Captain Whitstead; while the second mate, Mr. Cowley, rehearsed the farewell remarks with which he would blister the scoundrelly Mr. Hale.

In his room on the starboard side of the alleyway aft, Mr. Frazer McFidd, the chief engineer, lay blissfully dreaming that he and the lady of his heart were standing hand in hand in the summer sunset before a snug little inland cottage, watching the second engineer burning at the stake in the centre of a flowerbed. In his room directly opposite, the second engineer, Mr. Colin Glencannon, dreamt no less blissfully of leading his bride up the aisle of Glasgow Cathedral, while Mr. McFidd lay cut into five distinct, gory and still-palpitating fragments beneath the wheels of a tramcar.

The peculiar, the significant circumstance about these two dreams, a circumstance fraught with dire potentialities, was that both of them featured the same leading lady.

Early on an evening some months previously, shortly after Mr. Glencannon had signed as second in the *Sherwood Forester*, and before he and his chief had come to look upon each other with repugnance, they repaired ashore to a pub hard by the Regent's Canal Dock, in the Limehouse district of London, and there quaffed deeply. At closing time they were still quaffing and minded to continue, but the harassed publican produced a police whistle and a sandfilled sock from under the bar and threatened to blow the one and wield the other if his guests tarried longer. Retreating into the night and pausing only to kindle a bonfire against the pub's front door, these good companions set forth along the Commercial Road in quest of surcease for their all-consuming ennui. They had progressed no farther than the head of Three Colt Lane when they beheld a young lady engaged in putting up the shutters of a fried fish shop and weeping softly to herself.

Now weeping ladies, old and young, are by no means rare in the causeways of Limehouse, especially on a Saturday night. But this young lady was pretty, after a pinkly buxom fashion, and so the two toilers of the sea paused, leaned against each other for support and viewed her with sympathetic interest.

"Oh, come, come, lass!" said Mr. Glencannon consolingly.

"Aye, what's amuss, lass?" inquired Mr. McFidd somewhat thickly, swaying away from Mr. Glencannon.

Instead of speaking, the young lady set down the section of shutter which currently occupied her, buried her face in her apron and emitted a series of earpiercing wails.

Meanwhile Mr. Glencannon was giving attention to the immediate surroundings. The fried fish shop was, he saw, more properly a booth, a newly white-painted wooden structure built against the brick wall of a seamen's lodging house. In contrast with the sordidness prevailing throughout the neighbourhood, the booth had a cheery supersanitary gleam about it which reminded him of the refrigerated storage chamber of the Liverpool morgue. Across the front of it was a sign: LAURA'S FISH AND CHIP SHOP.

"'Laura'," he read aloud, turning to the wailing lady. "So Laura's yere name, is it? Weel, Muss Laura, if it's the sorra state o' trade yere worriting aboot, stop yere bawling at once! Muster McFidd and I will stup into yere neat little estoblishment here and eat ye oot o' house and hame. Why, bless ye, lass, we'll stoomach every last fish and chip ye've got in stock!"

"B-but there ain't no fish in stock, th-th-that's just the trouble," wailed Miss Laura, emerging from her apron. "The fishmonger promised me a week's credit to 'elp me get started, and now 'e's let me down! 'Ere it is my first Satidy night in business and orl the pubs just out and everybody 'ollering fer a dish of fried plaice or a nice bit of piping 'ot boiled eel, and 'ere am I without so much as a rotten sprat in me hice-chest!"

She looked from one to the other with appealing eyes, and in that instant, though neither of them was aware of it, their respective destinies swung apart like outwardbound ships at the mouth of a river.

"Ho!" said Mr. Glencannon. "So 'tis a fishmonger has done ye dirt, is it? Weel, Muss, if ye'll just give us his name and address, Muster McFidd and I mysel' will tak' great pleasure in pointing oot to him that credit is the vurra lifeblood o' trade, pairhops e'en spilling a bit o' his ain to prove it. Won't we, Muster Mac?"

"Well," said Miss Laura, dabbing at her eyes, "I 'opes yer can convince the 'ard 'arted blighter better than I, and I must say it's very 'andsome of yer even to try. 'Is nyme is Woolstocking, 'Enery Woolstocking, and yer'll find 'im at the fourth barrow on the left just after yer turn into the market in Ropemakers Fields, down there at the bottom of the lane."

"Richt ye are!" said Mr. McFidd. "We'll be back in just a jiff(IC !)iffy, so go inside, licht yere stove and prepare for a rooshing business. Come alang, Colin."

For some minutes, then, great tumult arose in Ropemakers Fields and the mean streets surrounding. It was audible even to the lady who had been the unwitting cause of it, as in her booth at the head of Three Colt Lane she stirred the batter in the bowl, tilted the sputtering margarine across the pan and exhorted her impatient customers to "Just 'old 'ard fer 'arf a mo', gents—yer nice fresh fish will arrive 'ere any minute!"

(*continued on next page*)

Continuing WAILING LADY

Arrive it did and in bountiful measure. Staggering under the weight of his burden Mr. McFidd appeared bearing in his arms a tunnyfish the size of a small canoe. Just behind him, a Laocoon in Limehouse, Mr. Glencannon wrestled grimly amongst the thrashing coils of a live conger eel full seven feet long. From his pockets and the front of his jacket protruded the tails of sundry bream, plaice and herring.

"Well, Muss, we've brocht ye yere fish!" announced Mr. McFidd somewhat superfluously, manœuvering the tunny endwise through the doorway.

"Aye, and there's plenty more where this came from," added Mr. Glencannon, finally succeeding in landing his knuckleduster on the conger's elusive chin. "We've estoblished yere credit beyant question or quibble and if there's aught else ye want, from a shrimp to a shark, ye've only to say the word!"

Impetuously Miss Laura leaned across the counter and kissed them, smack, smack! "Lawks!" she exclaimed, a catch in her voice, "it's—it's a fair treat indeed to meet up with a pair o' 'igh clarss chivalorous coves like you!" And again she burst into tears.

'Twas thus the romance started.

For some reason, beginning with that fateful Saturday night, the affairs of Laura's Fish and Chip Shop flourished apace. Messrs. McFidd and Glencannon spent many hours and large sums of money at her spotless counter; gallantly they consumed entire shoals of fish; but invariably numerous other customers were present. Thus, though rejoicing in the turn of her fortunes, it was impossible for the lovesick swains to tell her what was in their hearts.

So far, barring an almost imperceptible coolness which had come between them, their rivalry was friendly. Gorged with fish they would return aboard the *Sherwood Forester*, discuss their passion and compare notes of their respective progress, although the progress was nothing to brag about.

"Noo, look ye, Colin," said Mr. McFidd, the very morning before sailing day, "to-morrow we're leaving for the Orient; we'll be awa' five months at the least and before we go we've got to have a showdoon with her."

"Aye, that we have," agreed Mr. Glencannon putting on his cap. "Lead on, McFidd!"

Arrived at the booth at the head of Three Colt Lane, they found Miss Laura daintily engaged in eviscerating a mullet. "Well, lor-lumme, if you two ain't the early-birds to-day!" she greeted them.

Without further beating around the bush they stated the object of their visit. Miss Laura dissolved in tears. But her suitors had long since observed that she could outweep even the oft-sung lachrymose heroine of *Ben Bolt*, weeping with delight when they gave her a smile, weeping with chagrin when they didn't, and weeping for no apparent reason at any time at all, until it seemed, in sooth, that she kept her tears on draught, like beer in a pub.

Between sobs and sniffles, then, she begged them not to force a choice upon her. Confessing a great tenderness toward them both, she still was unable to say which was the nearer, dearer. To-morrow they would be gone (loud wails) and while they were away at the far side of the world, playing fast and loose with Japanese rickshaw girls and the shameless ukulele dancers of Ohio, she would be searching her heart and praying for guidance. But upon their return they would find her waiting; yes, waiting with her answer. . . .

Next day as the S.S. *Sherwood Forester* slid through Gallions Reach on her way down to the sea, the two senior officers of her engineering staff were moody and morose. What might have been a bond of sympathy between them seemed rather to be developing into a bone of contention, each man in his disappointment considering the other an obnoxious obstacle between him and happiness. After the first few days they no longer spoke of the matter. By the time they had reached Gibraltar they were speaking only in monosyllables on any subject. After that, except on duty, they didn't speak at all.

As time wore on, Mr. Glencannon found himself becoming more and more annoyed by the manner in which certain tufts of hair bristled from Mr. McFidd's ears. Mr. McFidd, a notably careless eater, was lashed to a sullen fury by what he deemed Mr. Glencannon's snobbishness in polishing his fork on his pocket handkerchief and drinking his tea from the saucer. And these were to be but minor items in the logbook of this five months' voyage of hate—a hate which was, we have already seen, festering even in their dreams as on that misty morning the *Sherwood Forester*, London bound, turned into the placid home waters of the estuary.

"Almost Eight Bells, Sir! Almost Eight Bells, Sir! Quarter-to bell's gone orl-ready, Sir!"

"All richt, all richt, canna ye see I'm awake?" Mr. Glencannon grunted at the man in the doorway. He yawned, stretched, stepped into his carpet slippers and donned his boiler suit. Then, having bolted the door, he produced from the locker a bulky bundle wrapped in Shanghai newspapers and carefully enveloped it in an old oilskin coat.

Now this was the year when many ladies of fashion and almost all grand pianos were wearing Spanish shawls, which are really not Spanish at all but Chinese. In consequence of their popularity they were fetching fancy prices in London. Mr. Glencannon's bundle contained an even dozen of them—one for Miss Laura, the rest for sale, and all of a splendour to challenge Zuloaga's brush or Hergesheimer's pen. Mindful of the well-known noseyness of His Majesty's customs inspectors, Mr. Glencannon deemed it imprudent to arrive at London with these shawls in his room and therefore planned to secrete them elsewhere for a few days until he could smuggle them ashore one by one.

Descending the ladders into the heat and thunderous turmoil of the engine room, he picked up a duck lamp and made for the entrance of the shaft tunnel. It still lacked four minutes to Eight Bells and young Mr. Ferguson, the third engineer whom he would shortly relieve, did not notice him pass.

The shaft tunnel of the *Sherwood Forester* was a steel housing something like a sewer main, extending the hundred-odd feet between the after bulkhead of the engine room to the tube glands in the very stern of the ship.

As by the dusk lamp's flame he made his way along it, Mr. Glencannon hummed a merry madrigal in time with the rhythm of the engines and chuckled to himself. "Eleeven shawls at fufty quid apiece mak' five hoonderd and fufty poonds—a tidy nest-egg to set up housekeeping on! The twelfth shawl she can wear for her wedding dress and . . ."

From the depths of the tunnel a flashlight darted its beam. "What the heel are ye snoopling aroond back here for?" rasped the voice of Mr. McFidd.

"What the heel do ye think?" Mr. Glencannon countered blusteringly, dropping his bundle and stepping in front of it. "I'm aboot to tak' ower the watch, so it's plenly my juty to tak' a look at these rotten auld bearings. From the sound and the feel and the hot-metal smell o' them, I shud say we'd be lucky to . . ."

"What have ye got in yon boondle?" demanded Mr. McFidd.

"What have ye got in yon tins?" and Mr. Glencannon pointed accusingly at a dozen bright cylinders which Mr. McFidd was striving to conceal beneath a square of jute sacking. "Aye, what have ye got in those tins besides Chinese oopium, ye dope-smoogler!—Come hame to Laura with dirty money, wud ye?"

WHANG! Something struck him on the side of the head and it wasn't Mr. McFidd's Stillson. CRASH! In the echo of a fearful thunderclap like the crack of doom, Mr. Glencannon felt himself being swept through the tunnel on the bosom of a madly-rushing cataract. Mr. McFidd and the bundle of shawls were running him a close second.

"'Eave, blarst yer, 'eave!" Mr. Montgomery was screaming.

When Mr. Glencannon opened his eyes, he found himself in a little white room with an unmistakable hospital smell about it. Beside his bed sat a mountainous gentleman in shirtsleeves, reading a newspaper and twisting the points of a waxed moustache. Mr. Glencannon could not see below this person's waistline but from the handcuffs, chain nippers, keys and other odds and ends depending from his belt, he felt reasonably safe in assuming him to be a policeman.

"Guid morning," said Glencannon politely.

"Good evening," replied the policeman, pontifically.

"Where am I?" inquired Mr. Glencannon.

"Royal Mariners' 'Orspital, London," said the policeman in a brusque official manner. "Besides that, yer under arrest."

"Under arrest!" exclaimed Mr. Glencannon, starting up indignantly but subsiding as a twinge of migrain drilled through his skull. "Under arrest? Ho, dom, what for?"

"Fer smuggling Chinese hopium," said the policeman. "Oh, my word, yer won't 'arf catch it, you won't! I was just now reading about it in this 'ere newspyper 'ere, and twenty years from now, when they let yer out, why, just remember that I . . ."

"R-read it to me," urged Mr. Glencannon weakly.

"——Hunh, as if yer didn't jolly well know orlready!" sneered the policeman, grimly. "Now just lie quiet, mister, while I goes out and hinforms the horderly yer've finally woke up. Then I'll 'ave to go telerphone the magistryte's clark so's 'e can come over 'ere and tyke yer formal stytement."

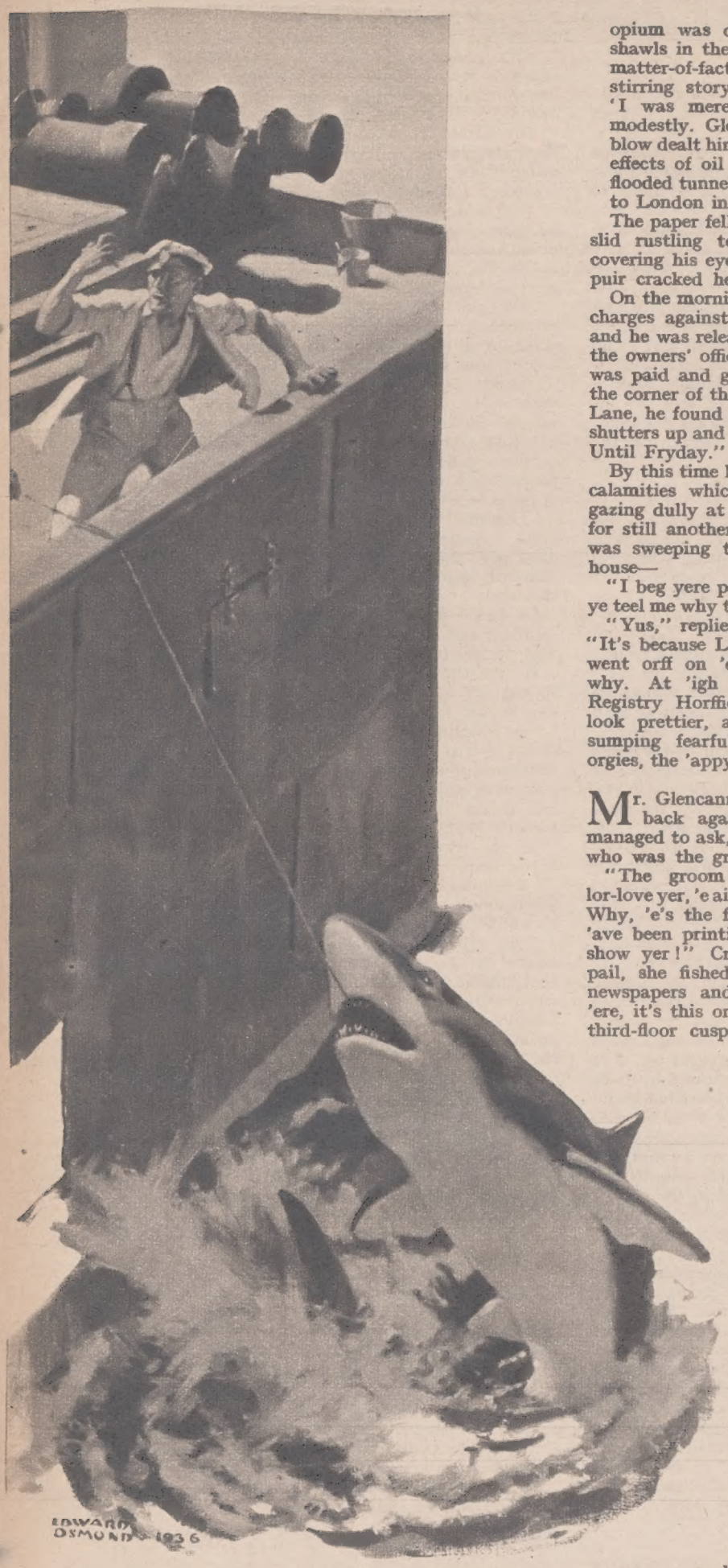
When he had gone, Mr. Glencannon reached for the paper on the chair. His head was still throbbing, but he read:

SHIP SAVED BY ENGINEER'S HEROISM

OPIUM PLOT BARED IN THAMES DRAMA

"MERELY DOING JOB," SAYS MCFIDD.

"Early this morning while the S.S. *Sherwood Forester*, 3,325 tons, Burwell, Chaney, Ltd., owners, was off Whitstable, her chief engineer, Mr. Frazer McFidd, entered the shaft tunnel in search of opium, which he had reason to suspect was being smuggled by one of his subordinates, C. Glencannon. He found not only twelve tins of



opium was discovered in the tunnel and the shawls in the hole in the roof, that McFidd, in matter-of-fact tones, volunteered the whole stirring story of how he had saved the ship. 'I was merely doing my job,' he concluded modestly. Glencannon, still unconscious from the blow dealt him by McFidd, and suffering from the effects of oil and water swallowed when in the flooded tunnel, was put under arrest and brought to London in a police ambulance."

The paper fell from Mr. Glencannon's fingers and slid rustling to the floor. "Losh!" he gasped, covering his eyes. "'Tis almost too much for my puir cracked head!"

On the morning of the second day following, the charges against Mr. Glencannon were withdrawn, and he was released with a warning. Repairing to the owners' offices to draw the wages due him, he was paid and given the sack. Hastening then to the corner of the Commercial Road and Three Colt Lane, he found Laura's fish and chip shop with its shutters up and a card on the door reading, "Closed Until Fryday."

By this time he was stunned by the succession of calamities which had befallen, but as he stood gazing dully at the card he sensed that he was in for still another. Turning to a blowzy lady who was sweeping the steps of the seamen's lodging house—

"I beg yere pairdon, Modom," he said, "but can ye teel me why the fish shop is closed?"

"Yus," replied the lady, leaning on her broom. "It's because Laura got married yestiddy and 'as went orff on 'er 'oneymoon to Brighton, that's why. At 'igh noon, it was, at the Lime'ouse Registry Horffice, and there never was a bride look prettier, although she did bawl and beller sumping fearful, that I must say. Arfter the orgies, the 'appy couple went direckly to. . . ."

Mr. Glencannon, his knees trembling, swayed back against the booth. "Teel me," he managed to ask, though knowing full well, "teel me who was the groom?"

"The groom? Yer mean 'er 'usband? Oh, lor-love yer, 'e ain't no groom, 'e's a ship's hengineer! Why, 'e's the fymous cove which orl the pypers 'ave been printing about lytely! 'Ere, wyte, I'll show yer!" Crossing the sidewalk to a garbage pail, she fished out several parcels done up in newspapers and scanned the wrappings. "Yus, 'ere, it's this one," she said. "I knew it was me third-floor cuspidors. Read it yerself, Mister—I 'aven't got me glarsses."

Halfway down the parcel, Mr. Glencannon saw :—

"LLOYD'S TO HONOUR HERO.

GOLD WATCH FOR MCFIDD FOR SAVING SHIP CARGO.

WEDDING BELLS TO-DAY.

Frazer McFidd, whose heroism on the S.S. *Sherwood Forester* on Wednesday prevented the loss of the vessel and its cargo, was voted a Lloyd's Gold Watch by the Society of Underwriters at a special meeting yesterday. The Lloyd's Gold Watch is awarded for valour while saving insured property, and is considered a high honour among the officers and men of the Mercantile Marine.

Its value is £150. When notified of the distinction in store for him, McFidd only blushed modestly, but his fiancee, whom he will wed to-day, was completely overcome with pride and happiness."

"Yus," said the blowzy lady, "it happears that Laura's 'usband is no end of a 'ero. At the wedding yestiddy, 'e—— But 'ere, 'old 'ard, Mister! Why, wot's the matter—are yer drunk?"

"Not yet, Modom," said Mr. Glencannon, lurching across the Commercial Road.

Time, though a greater healer than the greatest specialist in Harley Street, worked only half a cure in the case of Mr. Glencannon. In two months his heart was whole again and he realised that he had wanted Laura less for herself than for the satisfaction of humiliating a rival. But even two years did nothing to heal the wound which McFidd's perfidity had inflicted and the very thought of the base betrayer rankled him like a thorn in his seat. And then, one night, in a smoke-filled bar room in Durban, Natal, he met the scoundrel face to face.

"Come ootside, McFidd," he croaked sepulchrally. "I've a word to say to ye!"

"Ah, and so it's you, Colin!" Mr. McFidd licked his lips as he tried to smile. "Ah, come, come, lad," he whined. "——Ye—ye surely dinna mean to say ye'd hit a mon when he's doon!"

Taken aback by this answer, Mr. Glencannon observed that Mr. McFidd seemed to be very far down indeed.

After a moment's hesitation Mr. Glencannon let the knuckleduster slip from his hand into his pocket, led the way to a table and beckoned the waiter. "McFidd," he said solemnly, "what in the world has hoppened to ye, mon?"

"Everything," said Mr. McFidd, striving to conceal his frayed cuffs. "Everything, Colin! As ye see, I'm nowt but a puir wreck rotting on the beach."

Mr. Glencannon drank deep. "And—and what aboot Laura?" he asked.

Mr. McFidd drank deeper and laughed bitterly before replying. "Laura?—Laura? Weel, Colin, ye dinna ken yere ain luck! Sparing ye the harrowing details, all she did was weep aboot this and weep aboot that till domned if I didn't sometimes think I'd married a shower-bath. In the end it was too much for me, so I—I, weel, I sumply disappeared!"

"But why are ye so doon in yere luck, mon? Surely ye can find a berth aboord a ship—espeecially, er, being a Lloyd's Watch winner!"

"Lloyd's Watch!" said Mr. McFidd in a faraway voice. He shook his head and took a drink. "Lloyd's Watch!—Lloyd's Watch, won by a mon named McFidd! Aye, they e'en engraved his name in it—'Presented by The Society O' Lloyd's to Frazer McFidd, For Valor.' Weel, my name's Johnson, noo, or Smith, or Reilly or Cohen. Frazer McFidd is dead, yes, dead, I say, Glencannon, so e'en his watch doesna do me any guid!" He dragged out the gleaming timepiece and sneered at it.

Mr. Glencannon stirred uneasily. "Let me look at it, McFidd, will ye?"

Without a word the other pushed it across the table.

Now Mr. Glencannon did not need a watch, but he knew that the watches bestowed by Lloyd's were the finest in the world, and that they were worth £150. And besides he smelled a bargain.

He examined Mr. McFidd's watch critically. "Weel, I must say it doesna look lik' much," he announced, shoving it back.

Mr. McFidd shrugged his indifference. "It doesna mean much, either," he said, "——to me."

"How much wud ye sell it for?"

Mr. McFidd picked up the watch, grimaced at it and put it down again. "Colin," he said, "the domned thing is a Jonah. I wudna advise ye to buy it at any price. Aye, and in teeling ye that, I dinna ken where my next meal is coming from!"

"Ten quid?" suggested Mr. Glencannon.

"It cost a hoonderd and fufty," said Mr. McFidd.

"Fufteen?"

"Sold!" said Mr. McFidd. "But I promise ye, Colin, that if I didna need the money to get to Cullinan, I'd rather have thrun the beastly thing awa'."

Mr. Glencannon paid over the fifteen pounds and took delivery of his purchase. "Come, we'll have a drink on it," he invited. They drank. Shortly thereafter Mr. McFidd, his confidence somewhat restored by the fifteen pounds in his pocket went forth into the African night.

"Haw!" gloated Mr. Glencannon when he had gone. "A hoonderd and fufty poond ticker for one-tenth o' the oreeginal price! Aye, ye're in luck for fair, Glencannon!—And beyant that, there's the still luckier circumstonce that yon puir tromp McFidd, and no yersel', is married to the weeping Laura! Oh, haw, haw, Glencannon m'lad, ye surely canna complain!" The more he thought about things the luckier he felt, but by the time he had finished the bottle he was inclined to credit his good fortune not to luck but to cleverness.

"Aye, intellect, intellect, there's the answer!" he muttered, heading down Point Road toward the harbour. He paused beneath a street lamp and consulted his new watch. It gave the time as eleven minutes past midnight. "Occuracy!, Precision! Ah, ye little beauty!" he addressed it "I wonder how lang it will be before I can sell ye at a hondsome profit? No' vurra lang, I'll wager!"

Perhaps five minutes later, though, a new thought struck him. "Sell it? Sell it? Why shud I sell it when I dinna need the money? No! I'll sumply tak' it to a jeweller, have my ain name engraved instead o' McFidd's, and lo, there'll be one more meember in the Honorable Company o' Lloyd's Watch Heroes!" Pausing again, to examine the engraving, he was surprised to note that the hands now stood at twenty-one minutes to three.

(*continued on next page*)

opium, but Glencannon himself in the act of secreting a package of shawls, silks and other valuable contraband. Grappling with the smuggler, McFidd had just succeeded in subduing him when the vessel's tail shaft broke in such manner as to cause a serious leak at the after end of the tunnel. More serious still, a fragment of metal, possibly the cap of a bearing, was thrown through the tunnel roof, thus giving the water free ingress to the vessel's hold. With rare presence of mind McFidd thrust Glencannon's bundle of contraband into this puncture, dragged the unconscious smuggler out of the tunnel, and closed the water-tight door at its entrance. At the time of this adventure McFidd disclosed nothing of Glencannon's criminal part in it nor of his own heroism. It was not until the *Sherwood Forester* was dry-docked at Sheerness, where the

Continuing WAILING LADY

In meditative mood, he looked at the watch again and saw that the hour and minute hands were moving in opposite directions and at considerable speed. At first he was inclined to attribute this phenomenon to his personal over-stimulation, but even as he gazed, the racing hands collided at twenty-seven minutes to seven and there locked together. Simultaneously there came a click, a snarling buzz, and then all was still.

"Weel, 'tis neglect, gross neglect!" he diagnosed the trouble. "That lout o' a McFidd treats a watch as shobbily as he treats his engines. But ne'er mind, ye little beauty—a guid watch once is a guid watch always, and feerst thing to-morrow papa'll have ye repaired by the shrewdest watch-tinker in Durban!"

Next morning, though, the slightly over-nosed horologist whom Mr. Glencannon consulted broke into mocking laughter the moment the timepiece was put before him. "Vat, another vun?" he cackled, letting the little black spyglass tumble from his eye. "Vell, vell, vell, Mister, you're the sixth gent who's been in here with vun of these fake Lloyd's vatches in the past month! I don't know vat this feller McFidd's game is, but I do know that this piece of junk is vorth ten shillings hardly, if it's vorth that. It vas made in Japan.

With a hoarse cry, Mr. Glencannon shoved the little brass beauty into his pocket and stumbled from the shop.

One blistering April morning in the current year of supposititious grace, a ship named the *Inchcliffe Castle* lay at anchor in the harbour of Tamatave, on the eastern side of the island of Madagascar. She was waiting for a cargo, and while her crew chipped paint and cursed the heat and the officers, her officers sat under the awning rigged across the poop, at intervals bestirring themselves to curse the heat and the crew.

On the horizon beyond the reefs a smudge of smoke rose out of the cobalt Indian Ocean; then two stump masts climbed up, then a funnel, then a hull, and before long a tramp ship stood just outside the pass, seesawing in the long swell and hooting impatiently for the pilot.

In his deck chair aboard the *Inchcliffe Castle*, Mr. Glencannon, the four stripes of a chief engineer on the shoulder straps of his tropical whites, but otherwise unchanged by the years, layed down a three-months-old copy of *The Presbyterian Churchman*, squinted off at the new arrival and stirred uneasily. "She's British, that's sure," he announced. "Ye can teel by the oogly bluff snout o' her. But besides that, she looks fameeliar—aye, strangely, distoorbingly fameeliar! Noo I wonder, aye, I wonder, if she can be or can't be, and if she is or if she isn't?"

"Well, 'er nyme's the *Sherwood Forester*, if that's any 'elp to yer," announced Mr. Montgomery, the mate, peering through his binoculars.

Mr. Glencannon favoured him with a glance of extreme distaste.

"A-weel," he rose and moved toward the *Inchcliffe Castle's* ladder, "I obsairve that the *Forester* is aboot to moor at that next buoy yonder, and so I shall row mysel' ower to her and invoke meemories o' monny sweet and bitter hours. Pairhops some o' the auld crowd is still aboord her and will stond me a drink."

The only member of the original company left in the *Sherwood Forester* was Mr. Ferguson, the young third engineer whom Mr. Glencannon had been about to relieve on that long ago morning in the Estuary. But now Mr. Ferguson was middle-aged and wearing four stripes of his own.

"Ach, Colin, Colin! Tweelve years since we've met—just think o' it!" he sighed when the greetings were over. "Weel, plenty's the water that's flowed ower the dom and e'en more the whusky that's treekled past our tonsils in the interim! And noo that ye hoppen to meention it, there's a bottle o' Duggan's Dew back there in my room."

Whisky in circulation and pipes gurgling comfortably, the pair fell to reminiscing of old times. "And that black scoondrel, McFidd," mused Mr. Glencannon. "The last time I saw him was in Durban, and he was doon on his lowest uppers for fair! I wonder what e'er hoppened to him?"

"McFidd? Oh, why McFidd's dead; I thocht surely ye'd heard!" said Mr. Ferguson. "He got drooned ower by Mozambique, five or sax years agone, guid riddance to him and rest his soul! But he was going under the name o' Johnson at the time and that's what's caused all the trooble."

"Trooble?" repeated Mr. Glencannon. "What trooble, Alan?"

Mr. Ferguson eyed him narrowly and sipped his drink before replying. "Why, the legal trooble aboot Mussis Laura McFidd. Losh, Colin, d'ye mean to say ye didna know? Ye, o' all men?"

Mr. Glencannon laughed the cynical laugh of a man of the world. "Alan," he said, with an airy wave of the hand, "noo it can be told! Laura was only a possing foncy with me and I dinna mind confiding to ye that I let McFidd win her withoot opposition. In foct, fronkly, I engineered the whole thing! I canna abide a weeping woman and I cud plainly foresee that married life with Laura wud be one lang vale o' tears. And sure enough, when I met McFidd that time in Durban, he told me she was still spilling brine lik' a battleship's condenser."

"But dinna ye ken why, Colin? Come, teel the truth, noo!"

"Weel," said Mr. Glencannon, "I can only give ye my scientific theory, which is that there was too much salt in her system on account o' her being in the fish business. But Nature is a vurra wonderful reegulator, Alan, and so I foncy that tears were her notural ootlet. Laura was weeping the feerst time I saw her and I'll wager she still is."

"Richt ye are!" said Mr. Ferguson. "She wept all ower Limehouse when McFidd was alive and she's weeping all ower London to-day. And the reason—noo get this, Colin—she says the reason is because she married the wrong mon! She's been in love with—with somebody else from the vurra ootset!"

"—Aye?" Mr. Glencannon blushed to the roots of his walrus moustache and smiled sheepishly at the toes of his shoes. Then he sat back and toyed with his glass and when he ceased toying the glass was empty. "Weel, weel, weel!" he breathed. "So that's it, is it? Ah, I've suspected it all alang! Weel, Alan, what ye teel me wud be vurra grotifying if it wasna so patheetic! Tsk, tsk, tsk, puir woman! To think that I bruk her heart when she was only a girl and that noo I dinna care a tinker's Saturday fig aboot her! And yet, if I shud go to her to-day, I suppose she'd marry me in a minute!"

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Ferguson. "Oh, no, indeed, she wudn't! She wudn't marry not even you! And that brings us richt back to the legal trooble I spoke aboot at the beginning. Withoot legal proof that McFidd is dead, she canna marry at all, d'ye see? Three or four swundlers have showed up from time to time, with eevidence they'd concocted themsel's, and tried to marry her, but dom if the fat auld girl was fooled by any o' them! She knows the whole bag o' tricks, does Laura McFidd! Aye, Colin, she must weigh all o' two hoonderdweight, but she's as canny a business woman as ye'll find in the United Kingdom!"

"Two hoonderdweight—losh, just imogine it!" and Mr. Glencannon shuddered as he did so. "Why d'ye suppose anybody wud want to marry her?"

"Weel," shrugged Mr. Ferguson, "being married to the owner of the Britannia Fish and Chip Chain Shops, Limited, with ower five hoonderd restauronts throughout the British Isles, means marrying an income o' something lik' a hoonderd thoosand poonds a year. Fat as she is, Laura McFidd, the London mullioneeress, wud mak' a vurra hondsome catch for a mon lik'—lik'. . . . Oh, but what's the motter, Colin? Here, quick, drink this! I'm holding it steady for ye! Swith, Colin, ye've a nosty touch o' the fever coming on, that's what ails ye! Here, drink another and I'll row ye back to yere ship!"

Ensconced in his chair aboard the *Inchcliffe Castle* and still prostrated from shock, Mr. Glencannon sat with eyes closed. "A hoonderd thoosand poonds a year!" he muttered. "A hoonderd thoosand poonds a year! And I cud marry her to-morrow if 'twere no for that dom McFidd getting drooned by the name o' Johnson! Foosh, ah foosh, the scoondrel still mocks me from beyant his watery grave!"

After a while he opened his eyes, and by taking stock of the familiar surroundings tried to dismiss the matter from his mind. Mr. Montgomery, he observed, was trailing a stout fishing line over the bulwark of the after welldeck. Even as he looked the line jerked taut, the mate shouted, and several firemen ran to his assistance.

Moving to the rail and gazing into the water, Mr. Glencannon saw a fourteen-foot shark, securely hooked and thrashing about in the depths like a Whitehead torpedo on a rampage.

"'Eave 'im in! 'Eave smartly now—'eave, blarst yer, 'eave!" Mr. Montgomery was screaming. "Don't give 'im no slack or 'e'll bite the line! 'Eave! Hup! Tyke a turn around that bit. There, that's got 'im! Run along to the galley, one o' yer, and fetch me the cook's 'atchet!"

The hatchet forthcoming and the shark having been given what was good for him, his corpse was dragged to the deck and the *Inchcliffe Castle's* company gathered around in wonderment and awe.

"Ah, weel, noo that ye've slauchtered it, what are ye plonning to do with it?" Mr. Glencannon posed the question sceptically. "If ye shud hoppen to osk me, Muster Montgomery, I'd say ye've got a white eelephant on yere honds, or e'en worse!"

"Oh, yus? Well, I didn't 'appen to arsk yer!' retorted Mr. Montgomery, swelling with the cosmic pride of a fisherman in his catch. "'Owever, I don't mind telling yer that I intend to tyke out 'is backbone and myke a very 'andsome walking stick of it. And when we get 'ome to London, I'll sell the walking stick fer two quid at least, so you can just climb aboard yer white hellerphant and go fer a gallop to 'ell on 'im!" He removed his jacket, clicked open his knife and with great fixety of purpose fell to his task.

"Braugh!" shuddered Mr. Glencannon, watching him. "Nosty work! Butcher's work! Butcher's did I say? No, great swith, I meant fishmonger's!" And still shuddering, he hastened to his room for a stimulant.

In half an hour, though, amply fortified, he returned and stood watching while the mate delved deep in the beast's internal economy.

It was shortly after this that Mr. Montgomery sprang up from his labours, waving on high an object just retrieved from the gaping cavity.

"A watch! Blyme, why 'ere's a watch!" he cried. "Yus, a fine gold ticker! Look at it, gempmen—just look at it! Belonged to some poor cove which the beggar ate, and 'ere's orl that's left of 'im. Well, 'pon my word—I believe it's a Lloyd's Watch! Yus, see, yer can still read it—'Pre—er—Presented by the Society of Lloyd's to F-r-a, wait—Frazer McFidd'!"

"I dinna doot she can afford it!" chuckled Mr. Glencannon, his mind filled with ecstatic thoughts of one hundred thousand pounds per year.

The morning following the *Inchcliffe Castle's* arrival in London, Mr. Montgomery donned his best suit and his bowler hat and hooked his shark spine walking stick over his arm. "I'm going to Lloyd's in Leadenhall Street about this 'ere watch," he announced to the others, still gathered around the breakfast table, "and then, if the widder live in London—well, I'll be back by noon with a pocketful of oof!"

"Goodspeed!" Mr. Glencannon wished him piously. "I'll be awaiting reports o' yere mission with throbbing heart and bated breath."

Now as to the heart-throbs there is no telling, but certain it is that when Mr. Montgomery strode into the saloon at lunch time, Mr. Glencannon's breath was monumental.

"Well," announced the mate triumphantly, "I found 'er, and—look!" One by one he slapped five ten-pound notes upon the table. "Yus, gempmen, she stumped up fifty quid, as yer can see! Great fat woman the size o' a coal barge, she is, and filthy-reeking-foul with money! Got a gorgeous horffice of 'er own in Grosvenor Gardens. Well, when I tells 'er my story and 'ands 'er the watch, wot do yer s'pose she done?"

"Why, she bruk into tears," said Mr. Glencannon, with the calm assurance of an eyewitness.

"Oh, no, she didn't! She pushed a buzzer on 'er desk and in came a little weazened cove in a frock coat and spats. "'Enery,' she says to 'im. 'Oh, 'Enery, wot do yer think! Oh, 'Enery, 'Enery, 'Enery, the proof 'as come at larst!' Then she turns to me and says, 'Mister Montgomery, shyke 'ands with Mister Woolstocking. Mister Woolstocking is my managing director,' she says. 'Hexcept fer one single tiff, one lovers' quarrel, Mister Woolstocking 'as been my dear friend and valued associate ever since the earliest days of this 'ere business,' she says, 'and now I want you, Mister Montgomery, to be the best man at our wedding.'

"'Yus, indeed!' says this 'ere 'Enery Woolstocking, smiling from ear to ear and very cordial. 'I'll be really glad to 'ave Mister Montgomery as our best man.'

"Well, they slipped me the fifty quid and when I left, the little weazened cove was sitting on 'er lap and she——"

"She was weeping!" Mr. Glencannon broke in.

"Weeping?" scoffed Mr. Montgomery. "Weeping? She wasn't weeping at any price! As a matter of fact she was larffing to beat 'ell!"

Radio's Mountain Stronghold

Scotland's new transmitter at Burghead which is to defeat the mountain blockade.

The second of a series, this article describes how the B.B.C. is working in Scotland to give even the most isolated crofter perfect reception, defeating the deadening effect of the mountains, which are Radio's worst enemy.

by LESLIE BAILY

VISITING Glasgow, a few years back, I accepted an invitation to inspect the local B.B.C. transmitting station, and thereby let myself in for a thrilling—almost alarming—experience.

I was taken to an immense municipal electric power station where, I was informed, the B.B.C. had hired a room. (How typical of those make-shift days!) This proved to be a tiny chamber, several floors above ground level, where one of the old Marconi "Q" transmitters, as we used to call them, was crammed between four small walls, its football-shaped valves glowing a vicious red, while a couple of engineers tended it with maternal solicitude.

"Perhaps you'd like to see our aerial," said my guide. Rashly, I assented.

Following him, passing through a door, I found myself clutching the puny handrails of a plank-like bridge, with what appeared to be hundreds of feet of space beneath; my eyes goggled at rotund turbo-generators down there below, my ears were filled with the sinister drone of these monsters as they supplied the people of Glasgow with electricity.

This bridge passed dizzily across the roof of the power station's great main hall. Reaching the far end, we emerged into open air and beheld a couple of vast and grimy roofs sloping together like an immense V. Along the bottom of this V ran a plank—*without* a handrail.

For fifty yards I trod the plank, then my guide remarked that the grimy roof rising on either side was glass: "If you went through, you'd drop into the generator hall."

After that I wasn't particularly interested in his technical description of the B.B.C. aerial, that hung from the power station chimney, over those hair-raising roofs.

There is nothing makeshift about broadcasting in Scotland now. When my recent 2,000 miles tour of all B.B.C. transmitters and studios took me across the border, I made for Falkirk, in the vale of the Forth.

High on desolate heath-land at the back of Falkirk, are two great towers of steel, 500 ft. tall, with the grey building of the B.B.C.'s main Scottish station below them, and inside the spacious transmitter hall tall rows of water-cooled valves glow a dull crimson as they pump the National and the Scottish Regional programmes out into the ether, and members of this great wireless station's staff of thirty flit about, tending the monster.

No longer are factory chimneys adapted as aerial masts. In fact, the "Q" at Glasgow has gone. So have the transmitters at Edinburgh and Dundee. They were all replaced by these two powerful transmitters—Scottish National and Scottish Regional—at Falkirk, a central position in that "neck" of Scotland wherein is massed most of Scotland's population.

Although the majority are well served in this way, there are still minorities scattered in this vast and rugged Scotia who cannot get reasonably good reception from B.B.C. stations. This is mainly so in the far north. So I turned the bonnet of my car northwards to Perth and Pitlochry, through romantic Glen Garry, and over that magnificent mountain road across the high and desolate Pass of Drumochter that leads you through the heaving snow-tipped masses of the Grampians, and down into Inverness.

Here and there on this lonely way I passed a solitary farmstead, with almost invariably an aerial wire stretched to a fine pine-pole, and occasionally I stopped and learned from the folk who live in these quiet and remote places of Britain something of what radio means to them.

It is to them a revolutionary contact with a wider world, bringing things unheard of—some things (the more sophisticated things of the city) that these simple folk don't understand or don't like, but many things for which they are deeply grateful; music, humour, information, religious services.

The old Scotsman and his wife, their sons resting by the peat fire from a day's farmwork far away from the beaten track up some small valley between towering peaks, are within instant call of London, of Downing Street, of Buckingham Palace.

That is a marvellous thing, and a thing that may have greatly significant effects on the future of the British people, for this, which happens daily in Scotland, happens also in every part of the British Isles—yes, and the British Empire.

As one gets into the mountains, and beyond them, reception of British programmes can only be obtained under increasing difficulties of interference from foreign stations, and of fading.

Using my portable set at my hotel at Inverness, I was astonished by the badness of B.B.C. reception; even Droitwich, that mammoth station erected only just over a year ago as the main distributing centre of the National programme for the British Isles, even Droitwich's 150 kilowatts fail to give steady reception in these northern districts.

Moultrie Kelsall, busy at the Drama Control Panel in the Aberdeen Studio.

THE signals from that station were fading up and down as though some mischievous schoolboy were playing with the control knob at Droitwich. When the play I had hoped to hear had twice faded away to nothing, just when the hero was getting into exciting difficulties, I switched off Droitwich and tried Scottish National and Scottish Regional. They were as bad or worse.

To remedy this unfortunate situation, the B.B.C. decided recently to build a new station in this long-neglected district. The North Scottish Regional station, to be opened toward the end of this year with a power of between 60 and 100 kilowatts, is being erected at Burghead, not far from Lossiemouth.

A gale was beating up the Moray Firth, and when I arrived at Burghead it was howling around the grey cottages of the fishing village, behind which the masons were laying the stones of the B.B.C. building, on a low cliff top. Standing there, I looked across that inky-black northern sea to where the Highlands could be discerned in darker outline against the horizon, and then I turned my back to the sea and the icy wind, and, looking south, beheld more and

(*continued on page* 13)

WHAT A LOVELY "SEA-BREEZE" SMELL

THIS is the loveliest Soap you have ever used!

A great big foaming lather—with the "Smell of the Sea" in its creamy bubbles.

Which is actually true—because it contains pure Iodine made from Seaweed collected on the West Coast of Scotland.

Almost magically your skin is cleared of every impurity and beauty blemish. Within ten days you have a skin texture ten years younger.

The more you wash with this Iodine Soap the smoother and clearer and more velvety your skin becomes. Wrinkles and signs of age are gently eased away.

And in the bath you emerge with a glowing body as sweet and fresh as a dewy rose. Sweet all day — however much you perspire from tennis or dancing.

Now a personal word from me. If you find this Iodine Soap does not do even more than I say send the last little piece back to me with the wrapper, and I will refund the purchase price to you in full.

J. W. Simpson M.P.S.

EPIDEMICS. What a safeguard for yourself and the children when any epidemics are about! And on holiday, too—when you go into strange houses and sleep between someone else's sheets. A bath with Simpson Iodine Soap and you can really *laugh* at contagion.

FOR BABY. Charms away chafes, caresses and brings wonderful ease and comfort, and ensures a peaceful sleep. You see—the Soap is so *utterly* pure that no alkalis are there to irritate the skin. And for napkins and little vests—wash them with Simpson Iodine Soap—then you know that not one deadly germ is left to attack baby's susceptible little body. No danger of "catching" anything.

DANDRUFF is caused by tiny germs hidden away in the scalp pores which ordinary soaps do not reach and destroy. The Iodine in this Soap destroys every germ instantly and gives your hair a new, healthy beauty it never had before.

INSECT BITES. Insects fight shy of Iodine! Wash and bathe with this Iodine Soap and insects fight shy of *you*.

FALSE TEETH. How clean and fresh your mouth is after cleaning your dentures with this Soap. Germ-free, too!

MAKE SURE YOU SEE MY PHOTOGRAPH ON THE WRAPPER *(as above)*

because there are some cheap imitations about. The genuine Simpson Iodine Soap is sold practically everywhere, including ALL CHEMISTS, BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES AND TAYLORS, AND STORES. *In case of difficulty a box of three will be sent direct by post for 1/5, post free, if you apply to J. W. Simpson (Chemist), Ltd., Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.*

SIMPSON IODINE SOAP

BRAND

Continuing Radio's Mountain Stronghold

yet more mountains—the Grampians—rolling into the misty distance.

Mountains are the B.B.C.'s enemies; for years the mountains have isolated vast areas of Scotland, preventing good reception of broadcast programmes, but now in the heart of the enemy's country the great aerials are going up, and soon the people of these northern counties, from John o'Groats to Inverness, from Inverness to Fraserburgh, will be enjoying reception with that high power and quality to which we who live in London, and other large cities are accustomed.

One grey-painted aerial mast, a pencil of steel towering 500 feet into the leaden sky, marks the station for miles around—a sign for all to see that the B.B.C. has come to this grim country of Northern Scotland.

Landlines will link this most northerly outpost of British broadcasting up to the network, first to the Aberdeen studios, 65 miles distant, and so, through Edinburgh, to London a distance of 500 miles away.

A somewhat similar high-power station has just been opened in Northern Ireland. All such improvements cost a mint of money and employ greatly increased staffs. The capital cost of a transmitter like that at Burghead runs well into five figures; the special high-quality landlines, suitable for the distortionless transmission of music, are laid underground by the Post Office, but the B.B.C. rents them at a cost that ran out, last year, for the whole of its network, to £54,000, and will be increased by extensions such as this.

When Burghead opens, a score of engineers will take up residence there, and the running costs of a powerful radio transmitter make a tidy bill for the B.B.C. exchequer to meet. So when you wonder why the B.B.C., with an income of two millions a year, doesn't provide better programmes, remember at least that the cost of programmes is only one of many costs (accounting in 1935 for only half of the total expenditure).

It is probable, also, that a studio will be opened at Inverness, in association with the new Scottish transmitter. Up to now broadcasters from these parts have had to make the long journey to the nearest studios at Aberdeen. Travelling expenses were colossal and I heard of a choir from one northern town that spent more on travelling than it received as a fee from the B.B.C.!

Aberdeen still has its own local "Q" transmitter of low power but in these days of powerful foreign interference its range is limited to perhaps ten miles. Soon after its opening in 1923, I used to listen to Aberdeen regularly at my home in the South of England, and in those days it had many regular listeners in Scandinavia among its audience.

Perhaps Burghead will bring them back to the B.B.C. The Aberdeen "Q", interesting relic of those early days, is—typically!—in a laundry. A spare room houses the transmitter, while the aerial masts stand outside in the laundry drying ground.

This is one of the two remnants of the old broadcasting still to be found in Scotland; everything else, everywhere, has been or is being modernised.

In the centre of this sparkling silver city of Aberdeen, for instance, are B.B.C. studios and offices, until lately so cramped for space that when a cast of more than ten were engaged in a performance they had to use the staircase as a waiting room. The studios are now being reconditioned on up-to-date acoustical designs, and increased in number to four.

A listener in Aberdeen told me he could never find anything to raise the glimmer of a smile in the broadcasts of Mabel Constanduros, that comedienne so beloved of Cockney audiences.

This expression of opinion is typical of the radical differences between listeners in different parts of these Isles. The B.B.C.'s job in trying to please all is incredibly difficult, and can only be done by pleasing each group in turn, largely with the assistance of these local studios scattered up and down the land, and by staffs who understand the local mentality.

Mr. Moultrie Kelsall, who is Station Director at Aberdeen, showed me remarkable evidence that one of the most popular items with Aberdonian listeners is the mid-week religious service; indeed, my own investigations throughout Scotland left me with little doubt that the religious and educational sections of B.B.C. programmes are appreciated in Scotland more than in any part of England.

Besides providing the kind of entertainment that *will* amuse Aberdonians, Mr. Kelsall's ambition is to reflect in his programmes the life and interests, mainly agricultural and fishing, of this part of Scotland.

Not long ago there was a programme illustrating life on an Aberdeenshire farm; a farmer had been persuaded to take part, but at the final rehearsal he arrived an hour late, causing havoc to the B.B.C.'s carefully planned arrangements.

"Damn your programme, mister," he explained, "a sheep fell in a hole and I had to get it out!"

THE B.B.C.'s representatives in various provincial regions are doing a fine service in bringing these typical Britishers to the microphone, in interpreting in radio programmes the hearty and varied spirit of our people. It is, in my opinion, an antidote, and an important antidote, to the somewhat sophisticated, and occasionally "hot-house," London programmes.

London is not Britain, and British broadcasting can hold out so much more than could possibly come only from the London studios.

One peculiar difficulty in Scotland is to get the Scotsman to the studio, not because he is reluctant to come (for a suitable reward), but because of great distances, and a fragmentary telephonic system.

A good many towns in the west and north of Scotland, and many of the Hebrides, as well as the Orkneys and Shetland Isles, are off the B.B.C. map, so far as direct broadcasts from these places are concerned, because suitable telephonic communication does not exist to link them to the B.B.C. network; and it is not easy to get people from these remote places to travel to the studios at Aberdeen or Edinburgh or Glasgow, especially old people who may never have left the home town in their lives.

Even this obstacle can be overcome. When I arrived at Edinburgh, Scottish Regional headquarters, I found Mr. Melville Dinwiddie, the Regional Director, in the act of turning over with his Programme Director a most unusual and promising scheme for putting the far-off Isles of the Hebrides on the radio.

To most people, those scattered dots on the map of Scotland have a special fascination because they are among the few remaining spots in the British Isles where life has been but little affected by nineteenth and twentieth century civilisation.

Mr. Dinwiddie "is bringing Scotland to the microphone."

Mr. Andrew Stewart, Scotland's Programme Director, said, "Their manner of life is unique. Time, over there, just doesn't exist. The people are fishers and farmers, with rather narrow views, but with funds of heroic and comic stories, of love songs that have never been written down, with lore and tradition most fascinating.

"Very soon we hope to be equipped with a recording van, and that will solve this problem. We shall send the van over to the Hebrides in the summer and make, on the spot, a great number of records of life there—events, songs, talks, family gatherings, and what not.

"These records will be brought to Edinburgh and here we shall 'edit' them, and link them together suitably, and then in the next winter we shall be able to present to our listeners radio's counterpart of *Man of Aran*."

MOST of the B.B.C. officials who hold the high office of Regional Director (in other words, Sir John Reith's personal ambassadors in the provinces) have been servants of the B.B.C. since its earliest days, but Mr. Dinwiddie is an exception.

He came from the Church to broadcasting two years ago. Since, he has carried out an extensive survey by motor-car of Scotland. On one island he found that every house had a wireless set, on which the inhabitants depended entirely for news, entertainment and religion.

Mr. Dinwiddie, a Scotsman, had, I felt, the interests of all these varied Scottish people—the islanders and the Highlanders, the Lowlanders and the city dwellers—very much at heart. He has with him at Edinburgh a staff of sixty-six (all Scots but one), in an historic building that now flies the B.B.C. ensign on its flagpole, and was a cultural centre in the Scots capital for many years before the B.B.C. was created.

Here Charles Dickens lectured, and here (I am told) the first cinema shows in Edinburgh were seen. Dickens would not recognise the inside of the place now.

It has five studios in typical B.B.C. "Modernist" style, one of them a fine hall capable of accommodating a large symphony orchestra and an audience of several hundred.

A permanent B.B.C. orchestra of thirty-five players has lately been added, to the great improvement of Scottish programmes. This Scottish Regional Orchestra brings Scotland into line with the North, Midland, North Irish, and Welsh Regions, each of which has now its own orchestra of ample size; the re-institution of such orchestras in the provinces is a sign that the stupid phase of "centralisation," when the B.B.C. cut down the orchestras and staffs and programmes of its provincial stations to a mere skeleton, is at an end.

EVERYWHERE I went through the British Isles on this tour I found the B.B.C. spending money and giving thought to the ampler exercise of its function as "The Voice of Britain."

Everywhere I found spirits running high, for with better equipment and more money to spend, the provincial stations are now able to tackle schemes for programme developments that have long been their heart's desire. This is all to the good of listeners.

Great changes are afoot at Glasgow. Here is the second of those relics of the early days of broadcasting, to which I previously referred: the studios and offices in Blytheswood Square. They have been used by the B.B.C. ever since 1925, and are totally inadequate, in size and in design, for modern purposes.

The staff of thirty at Glasgow is overcrowded, and the largest of the three studios is not big enough to accommodate a large band such as the local "Scottish Orchestra."

The B.B.C. has, therefore, bought the Queen Margaret College at Glasgow, and this building is being modified, and will be opened later this year as a fine capacious broadcasting centre for this great city, a "Broadcasting House" through which Glasgow will be able to contribute, to the full and without handicap, its quota of programmes to the Falkirk and Burghead transmitters—programmes for all those sons of Scotland who turn on the wireless for education and for amusement and religious comfort, from those who live "over the hills and far away" to those who make up the cosmopolitan crowds of Glasgow itself.

A NEW COMPLETE STORY

by S. L. Bensusan

● "I've been waiting for you for days," said the Superintendent.

RED HERRINGS

THOUGH she had received them kindly and shown them round, Mrs. Chase, landlady of the Wheatsheaf, was not favourably impressed by the newcomers. She hesitated before she would commit herself. "I can't spare but one bedroom," she said untruthfully or, at least, inaccurately, "bein' I got me niece comin'."

"We can share one room if you'll put up with us. You might give us the one with the two beds at the back, looking across the marsh," said the first visitor. "My cousin and I want a holiday; we shan't give any trouble, and we'll pay a fair price. Sitting-room to ourselves, fire there in the evening, three meals and attendance, shed for car, everything except drinks. How much?"

"F'r th' two o' you," replied Mrs. Chase, thinking aloud, "an' a good hot dinner every day an' sausages or fish f'r tea an' eggs an' bacon f'r breakfast or fish chance times, an' a fire an' light an' gerridge, I couldn't do it f'r no less than fifty shillin' apiece."

"That'll suit nicely," said the short, stout, blue-eyed, brown-skinned man who looked like a seafarer. "We'll come along to-night an' you kin have a meal f'r us, sixish. Here's a week in advance." From a reassuring wad of notes, he extracted five. "You might gimme a receipt. Name o' Biggs, an' me friend's name o' Trent, and I'll fill in y'r papers to show I'm British an' all that, an' so's me cousin. You won't find us give you any trouble."

Two minutes later the shabby ten-horse-power two-seater was moving noisily away. Mrs. Chase still looked a little uneasy.

Messrs. Biggs and Trent soon established themselves and though Mrs. Chase could not learn to like either short Mr. Biggs or long Mr. Trent, she admitted to her few intimates that they gave no trouble.

Right forward men very properly resented their intrusion when they ventured into the taproom, but resentment was short lived. They chose a Saturday night when there were nearly a dozen stalwarts assembled and apologised for their presence in a practical manner.

"Me and my cousin," said Mr. Biggs, who has a fluent tongue, "don't wanter intrude, so we hope you'll allow us to pay for a gallon o' beer."

"That's very genteel," said old Mr. Nitt.

"Thanky f'r all on us," said Mr. Solomon Woodpecker.

"A extra glass does anybody good," said Mr. Mould, the pensioner. The rest of the company, though scant of words, had a sufficiency of thirst; good relations were established on firm footing.

Mr. Biggs has been a sailor, he has been out furrin, he has hunted whales and seals, he has encountered sharks and crocodiles and met in New Guinea men who, if impelled by hunger, eat their neighbours. Had he been less interesting, less communicative, there would have been little occasion for suspicion; but when Mr. Nitt remarked that in a long and right-forward life he had met none who, being sober, gave away beer for nothing, man's mind grew alert.

"That ain't as if he wanted to set in Parlyment even," added Mr. Nitt; "did, it'd be natural to spend a little money on folk."

Mr. Biggs would drive his little car to the Hard and go fishing; 'Lijah Bird took him out several times. Mr. Trent preferred the sea wall.

'Lijah Bird remarked carelessly that the furriner had questioned him very closely about tides and paths across the saltings; he had even asked and paid to be taken across them by night when the tide is coming in and had wanted to know how long the waters take to submerge the marks that stand for safety. "Knows quite a lot about tides an' currents an' sech, seem'ly," remarked Mr. Bird. "He bin a seafarin' man, right enough," he added.

Then Mr. Biggs began to inquire confidentially about offhand farms and the nature of the bailiffs in charge.

"Would anybody round the saltings be likely to let me have a lorry there for a day or two and keep a shut mouth?" he inquired. Mr. Laystall's name was given, and Mr. Biggs called upon that shrewd, unamiable, small-eyed yet far-sighted man and offered him a pound if he would take a large-hooded motor-van into his ample steading between the nights of the third and seventh of the coming month, moonless nights all.

In consideration of spot cash, Mr. Laystall found it possible to meet the application, and he told Mr. Hammer who is his factotum. Mr. Hammer told Mr. Woodpecker, who is his friend, and Mr. Woodpecker told the Wheatsheaf and Mr. Trout, who was among those who listened in, promptly mounted his bicycle and rode to Market Waldron, where he asked the Inspector of Police what his fee or reward would be if, as a result of his revelations, the authorities were able to lay hand upon a band of smugglers, for by this time the purposes of Mr. Biggs and Mr. Trent, though discussed by none, had become apparent to all.

A day or two later a little motor-boat came to the Hard; Mr. Biggs entered it and the daring vessel put out to sea at a great pace. Four hours passed; 'Lijah Bird was fishing and kept time, Mr. Trout had secured his services. Now he told his story and once again Mr. Trout went to the Inspector's office, where he was received with the courtesy and attention that he found so soothing.

"Mr. Trent an' me won't be in o' Tuesday night, ma'am," explained Mr. Biggs, "but we'll be back o' Wednesday or Thursday latest." Foolish fellow. He proclaimed his intentions at the top of the stairs when Mr. Mould, the pensioner, was taking his beer and smoking his pipe at peace with all the world.

"That's like owd time I've heerd me father tell on," said Mr. Mould when the taproom held its quota, "an' I'd like to goo see."

"That's too hazardable," protested Mr. Nitt. "Telly f'r why. Smugglers ain't folk to interfere with. Down yonder," he waved his hand, "outside th' little owd island they took a dozen 'cisemen when me father wore a boy an' slit their throats. A man," concluded Mr. Nitt with sure conviction, "don't wanter git his throat cut, t'ain't likely."

Mr. Trout, an attentive listener, could have reassured them; he could have told them of a force of police that would be surrounding Mr. Laystall's ample premises. But it was not for him to talk; indeed, he reinforced Mr. Nitt's argument to the extent of inventing on the spur of the moment three thug-like men whom he had "happened of" on the saltings.

On the first of the dark nights Mr. Biggs and Mr. Trent walked down to the Hard, and from there to Mr. Laystall's farm, where Mr. Trent climbed into the driver's seat in the lorry and they moved slowly over the rutty roads to a shed at the foot of hill where the Hard begins. It belongs, by the good rights as we say, to Mr. Spitty, who "inherited of it" from his mother and had agreed to loan it to Mr. Biggs for a day and a night for half a crown.

"I want to load up some fish," he had explained.

"To load up some fish," repeated Mr. Spitty, regarding Mr. Biggs with eyes that have a certain fish-like quality; they resemble those of a cod that has been removed far from salt water for days on end. "To load up some fish," he mused, and then added, "I'll take th' half-crown."

In that eleventh hour Mr. Bird still on the watch had noted the presence of a large and unfamiliar vessel, a trawler to outward seeming, some three miles or a little more from the saltings.

There were fish in plenty. Two men tramped across the saltings from seaward carrying boxes in slings, three couples were kept quite busy for some hours. Mr. Biggs piloted them with rare accuracy. There were no mishaps, the men wore waders, and though the tide had turned and the water was making slow way towards land there was no need for anxiety.

The lorry was well laden, a little motor-boat travelled to and from the trawler and brought boxes to a point on the saltings where in only a few inches of water strong men seized the burden; the van was filling fast. A checker by the side kept account of the boxes. Nothing had happened to disturb the landing; the motor-boat returned to the parent boat which pushed off into the darkness.

She had not gone very far before a gleam shone from the north across the waste of waters, picked up the trawler and appeared to follow her. "That's jus' what I expected," remarked the trawler's skipper with resignation, as he puffed at his pipe and spat at the unoffending waters of the estuary, "you can't goo about y'r business in Englan' nowadays."

By now, Mr. Trent was driving the covered van across the Hard and making for Mr. Laystall's protecting premises, his companion by his side. They moved with extreme deliberation as though they liked motoring. They entered the ample yard and scarcely were they through it when the heavy gate closed behind them; a large naphtha flare lit up the yard, followed by a dozen points of light from electric torches.

The Superintendent from Market Waldron, terror

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. J. TURNER

of all evil-doers, advanced towards the van. "Stop and put your hands up!" he cried.

Mr. Trent stopped at once.

"I shan't put my hands up," cried Mr. Biggs sharply and defiantly, "I don't carry firearms, man. How dare you interfere with me?"

"We'll see about that," replied the Superintendent grimly. "I've been waiting for you for days. What have you in that van?"

"Fish," laughed Mr. Biggs. "Smoked herrings."

"Examine them," ordered the Superintendent, and Mr. Biggs changed his tone.

"I'll hold you responsible if you interfere with the consignment," he spluttered, but his protest was drowned by the sound of the forcing of the wooden boxes.

For a few moments nobody spoke, and then a sergeant broke the silence. "It's all red herrings so far, sir," he said respectfully. "Shall we go on with them?"

The Superintendent picked out half a dozen unbroken boxes and commanded the men to open them; smoked herrings stood—or, rather, lay—alone; two other lots yielded no prizes. Then he went up to Mr. Biggs.

"What's all this about?" he demanded. "Why do you land fish in the dark and cart them over here?"

"What business is that of yours, Superintendent?" demanded Mr. Biggs defiantly. "If I come by fish honestly and I land them anywhere, at any time, what's against it? They're not dutiable; I bought them in Holland. I'm taking them to Chenchester—or I was. You and your men have knocked them about, but the law will right me. I'm a reputable business man; I've friends in Parliament."

"I don't care what you have," retorted the Superintendent. "I tell you that this landing is irregular and suspicious and though I won't open any more boxes now, we shall stand by till daybreak and then go through the lot. My chief constable will support my action; he knew all about——" and at this point a horrid thought gave the good man pause. But Mr. Biggs continued fluently.

"In this world you've got to take your business where you can find it. Smoked herrings are good business. If they'd been tobacco or spirits or saccharine there'd have been a lot more money in them, and a deuce more risk. I do a bit of straight work and find a yard full of busies. Strike me pink," concluded Mr. Biggs, "somebody'll pay pretty dear f'r to-night—and they'll be lucky if they keep their jobs."

The Superintendent ignored all this. He beckoned to Mr. Laystall to come down, and that gentleman waited to put on his clothes and his boots before he obliged, while the representative of law and order walked up and down the yard, gravely perplexed.

"Can I use your telephone, Mr. Laystall, in a room by myself?" he demanded.

"You kin with pleasure," agreed Mr. Laystall, "but there——"

"There what?" asked the other, sharply.

"I ain't never had one," continued Mr. Laystall.

"Get on to your motor-bike, sergeant," commanded the Superintendent, "and go right away to Market Waldron. Then ring up Chenchester." He lowered his voice: "Ask for Superintendent Whiteway, and tell him to warn all coastal stations; this looks like a plant." The sergeant spoke no more words than, "Yes, sir."

"Happen you'd all like to come inter me kitchen," suggested Mr. Laystall, "th' owd fire ain't out yet."

"Pack those boxes best you can," commanded the Superintendent. "Thomas and Wilcox stand by and we'll have reliefs each hour. You might as well come under cover," he suggested to Mr. Biggs.

"Well, I don't mind if I do," said that gentleman. "My friend and I have lost our market, but we won't lose money. This isn't Roossia ne yet Jarmany." With these words, he moved towards the kitchen.

Then the Superintendent became suddenly active and every one of the remaining two hundred boxes was examined with care. Mr. Biggs and Mr. Trent were asked a large number of questions, but refusing all information demanded to be given access to their solicitors, naming a London firm that holds some of the brainiest men who ever conducted clients in safety through the mazes of the law.

"A perfectly lawful piece of business put through at an unusual hour," persisted Mr. Biggs. "Two gross of boxes of smoked herrings; they won't sell as seconds now. My solicitors won't be in the City much before ten; but I promise you that I'll take immediate action. In the meantime, if you've any charge against me, I'm at your service. My friend and I have been at the Wheatsheaf for the past three weeks and we are properly registered. I hired the motor-van in Chenchester, my herrings came from Rotterdam and the trawler that brought them over will have been overhauled by some of your clever friends by now." The contempt in his tone stung like whiplash.

A very baffled and rather sleepy Superintendent reached the police station, where his arrival was eagerly awaited. Chenchester was on the 'phone. There had been a successful landing in the estuary to the south, witnessed by the solitary local policeman who was seized by invisible assailants and gagged and tied to a post. His eyes were bandaged; he heard a lorry go off into the darkness. Finally, the cords were removed from his limbs, and while he was struggling to remove the bandage tied over his eyes and round his mouth a car without lights went away. He was just able to see so much.

The nearest telephone was a mile away in the village post-office. He hurried there and knocked up a frightened postmistress, who required much assurance that he was not a burglar. Then, when at last she opened the post-office, the line was dead; some thoughtful person had cut it.

Far away at sea, the trawler that brought the herrings had been overhauled but her papers were in order; the skipper's decision to land the cargo in the night hours was not altogether unreasonable; he did save a tide.

In a very few days, Messrs. Welsher, Sharpe and Rodger had dipped the office typewriter in gall. Questions had been put in the House where an extreme thinker had asked the Home Secretary whether, in view of the outrage to which two unoffending citizens and a cargo of good food had been subjected, he would abolish the police force as useless and dangerous. When that minion of a tyrannical Government refused point-blank to accept the suggestion the honourable member asked leave to move the adjournment of the House; it was not granted.

In the meantime, Messrs. Biggs and Trent remained at the Wheatsheaf, where rumour was more full of tongues than ever before. Longshoremen only a few miles away could have told amazing stories, but they were not prepared to do aught to further the interests of their hereditary enemies, the police; those who knew anything said nothing, only those who knew nothing darkened counsel with words.

The red herrings had been taken to London and sold; from that city clever men wearing unfamiliar clothes were exploring two estuaries, to be everywhere recognised, not as detectives, but as furriners. Lawyers were busy; Messrs. Welsher, Sharpe and Rodger had expressed surprise, indignation, regret, consternation, and kindred emotions. They appealed to the constitution, they issued a writ.

A worried Commissioner of Police decided to settle, the cleverest of his sleuths being quite unable to associate Messrs. Biggs and Trent with certain daring smugglers who had taken advantage of the concentration of all available forces in Maychester, to run what was thought to be a large and valuable cargo only a few miles away.

A pleasant and profitable holiday completed, Messrs. Biggs and Trent returned to their respective stations in town, where one, ex-seafarer, keeps a small tobacco shop, and the other, whose father was a coastguard, has a stationery business. They paid Mrs. Chase and entertained the Wheatsheaf again before their departure; Mr. Trout took his share of the beer with a feeling that life was in his debt.

"Wunnerful right for'ard folk," declared Mr. Nitt when the visitors were but a memory. "On'y two on 'em, an' done down forever o' p'lice an' sarve 'em right, the spufflers."

"I 'ouldn't trust a policeman if that wore ever so," said Mr. Trout bitterly. "You can't believe a thing they tell ye."

He had reason for his bitterness; the Inspector had spoken to him in quite intemperate fashion, using words with which no policeman should be familiar.

"He's won!" said her companion suddenly. He gripped the girl's arm.

SHORT SHORT STORY

Six Appeal

by Miles Henslow

"*RIEN ne vas plus,*" said the croupier. There was a silence. The ball rattled, clicked, and stopped. Mr. Smith blinked and yawned. A rake, skilfully handled, swept towards his three counters and swept back again, leaving a bare expanse of green cloth.

Mr. Smith pushed three more counters on to number three, yawned again, and settled back to await what appeared to be the inevitable.

"Look at old Patience!" said a pretty creature in green on the opposite side of the table.

"Old Patience?" said her companion, "who do you mean? That fellow with his head in his hands? Why old Patience?"

"Oh, I don't know. But it does rather suit him, doesn't it?" She laughed, resting her elbows on the table with a frown, and cupping her head in her hands.

The imitation was good, and several people laughed. Even the croupier smiled.

"He was like that last night and the night before," said the girl. "Same scrappy bit of paper beside him. I suppose he is playing a system."

Oblivious to the sudden interest in himself, Mr. Smith looked up again as the ball fell silent. The rake came and went. Three more counters took the place of the vanished. He yawned once more and resumed his half-comic, half-pathetic pose.

"Isn't taking much interest in things, anyway," said the girl. "He's miles away."

Mr. Smith *was* miles away at that moment. He was back in England, where he would be in two days' time; back in a stuffy classroom, teaching a mob of unappreciative boys the secrets of algebra and trigonometry. That is to say, unless his system worked.

A gambler at heart, he had always dreamed of such a system; but it had only come to him a few months ago. The law of averages was at the back of it, of course; but there was more to it than that. Even when he had discovered it, it had taken every spare moment of those past months to work out in detail. Then tired nearly to the point of breakdown, but filled with a complete assurance of success, he had taken a week's holiday to put it to the test.

"You'll be back with us in a week, a sadder and a wiser man," the 'head' had said with a laugh.

"Maybe," said Mr. Smith.

"Should you win, though," said the 'head,' "give the credit to lady luck, and stop while you are winning."

And Mr. Smith nodded, knowing full well that he would do nothing of the sort. If the system worked once, it would work again. And the 'head,' with a thorough understanding of men, knew exactly what would happen to his maths master if it did win, and prayed that it wouldn't.

The wheel spun, clicked, and slowed. Mr. Smith's pile of counters grew steadily smaller. The hands of the clock moved on unnoticed.

"I wonder what his system is," said the girl. "I'd love to see it work."

"I don't know," said her companion. "I've been trying to work it out. For the last half-hour it's been one on one every other time, then two on two, missing two; three on three, and so on. But he hasn't been above seven."

"He was here last night," said the girl.

"Has he won at all?"

"Just a little, now and again. But he hasn't had a number. He stops occasionally and goes on the groups."

"He nearly missed the boat that time!" said the companion with a laugh.

"Saved himself four if he had!" said the girl as the wheel stopped, and the tireless rake collected Mr. Smith's counters. "Let's go, shall we? I'm tired."

"Just let's hang on for a bit. I'm keen to see what happens. Look, he's on five this time."

"Silly idiot," whispered the girl half an hour later. "As if he can possibly win like that."

"Now watch. He'll miss five times," said the man.

"Told you so," he said, as the wheel spun and stopped for the fifth time without a stake from Mr. Smith.

"Now he'll be on six," said the girl. "Six on six. I wonder what happens if he wins. Does he——"

"He's won!" said her companion suddenly. He gripped the girl's arm. He did not speak loudly, but somehow everyone seemed to have heard. In a second the eyes of all the other players were on Mr. Smith.

"He's won!" whispered someone else.

There was a suggestion of a smile on the croupier's face as he pushed across an enviable heap of counters towards number six.

There was a tension in the room that only Mr. Smith appeared to miss. Or, if he felt it, he certainly did not show it.

"I wonder what he'll do?" whispered the girl.

"He's going to leave it! The fool!" said the man.

"Gracious! He's won again," said the girl as number six turned up.

Again the croupier pushed forward a pile of counters. His smile was more obvious than before, and the rake made two journeys.

"Surely the fool isn't going to leave it all on?" whispered the girl.

"He is. He is," said the man, as the wheel spun again. "How can he be so cold-blooded? I'd have been out of that door like a stag on the run if it were mine. He'll lose it. He's bound to lose it." He stopped, a peculiar shiver running down his spine as the girl's fingers dug into his arm. The room was as silent as an empty church; for the wheel had stopped again at number six.

"Impossible!" whispered the girl. She looked at the croupier and then at the incredible pile of counters. "It isn't possible!"

"Isn't it!" said her companion, "I wish I had been half as foolish. No! Oh, no; look! He's mad! Oh, I can't look. Oh, stop him, dear!"

"Ssshhh!" whispered an old lady next to them. "Keep quiet, can't you?"

Again the wheel spun. The ball clicked and stopped. And no one seemed to realise that Mr. Smith's counters alone faced the result. Not another gambler in the room had staked a sou.

As the wheel slowed a sigh of amazement and relief came as from one man. Number six had turned up for the fourth time in succession!

"He's out to break the bank!" said the girl. She looked at the croupier. The croupier smiled. He might well have been pushing across peas for all the concern he showed.

"What a strain!" whispered the man, "I've never seen anything like it. Look, he's not touching a bit of it. He might be dead for all the interest he's taking. I wonder who he is?"

"Sssshhh!" said the girl. "Watch!"

Again the wheel spun, slowed, and stopped. For the fifth time number six came up. It was too much. People were looking at each other unbelievingly. The strain had passed. It was merely ridiculous.

There was not a sound, for all that, as the red and black figures on the wheel blurred into grey for the sixth time; not a sound save an undertone of excited breathing, and the click of the agitated ball.

The clicking stopped. The wheel slowed. There was a gasp. Number seven!

Five times the croupier's rake came and went. The square containing the magic numeral six was as barren as the remainder of the table. For a full fifteen seconds no one spoke. It was as though each and every player had suffered a personal loss. It was unforgivable. It was madness.

And then, as the undertone of conversation broke out, Mr. Smith looked up. He caught the girl's eyes upon him. He blinked and smiled. The girl looked away.

"*Rien ne vas plus,*" said the croupier.

Mr. Smith glanced at his piece of paper, reached for his counters, hesitated, and frowned. Then, quite suddenly he got up. Screwing the piece of paper into a ball, he tossed it on the floor, gathered up the counters, and left the table.

"He's crazy!" said the girl. "Come on, let's have one on number six—just for luck!"

Everyone was on number six. But number six did not turn up again that night.

Everyone was still talking about the mad man when Mr. Smith arrived back at the school two days later.

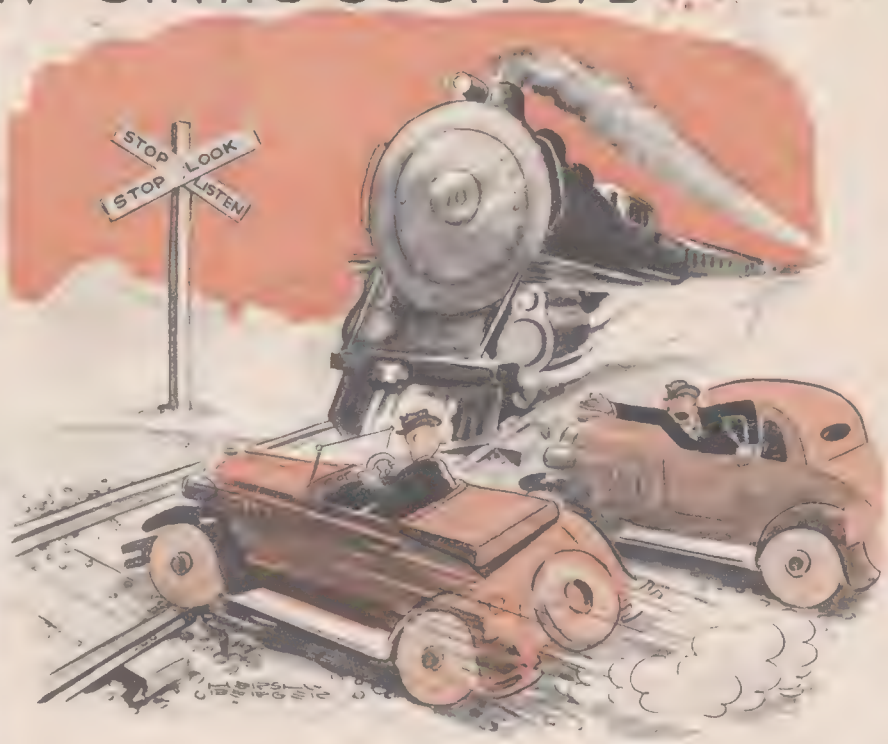
"Well, Smith, did you win?" asked the 'head.'

"No," said Mr. Smith with a laugh, "not a sou. When I'd got nearly to the end of my figures I missed a turn or two. Must have dozed off, I think. It's awfully stuffy in those rooms. Ah, well! It's good to be back again."

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

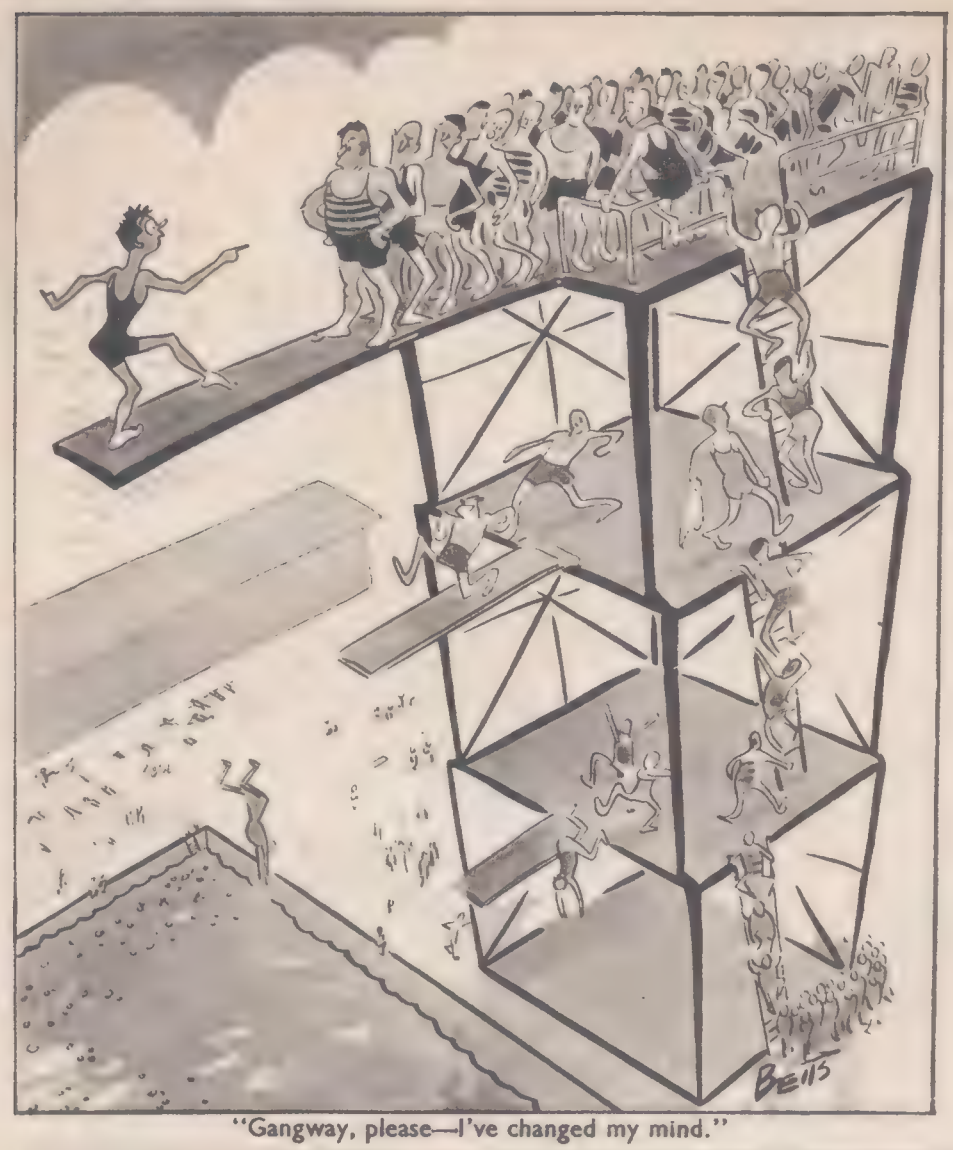
"I'm sorry, but I couldn't quite squeeze it in."



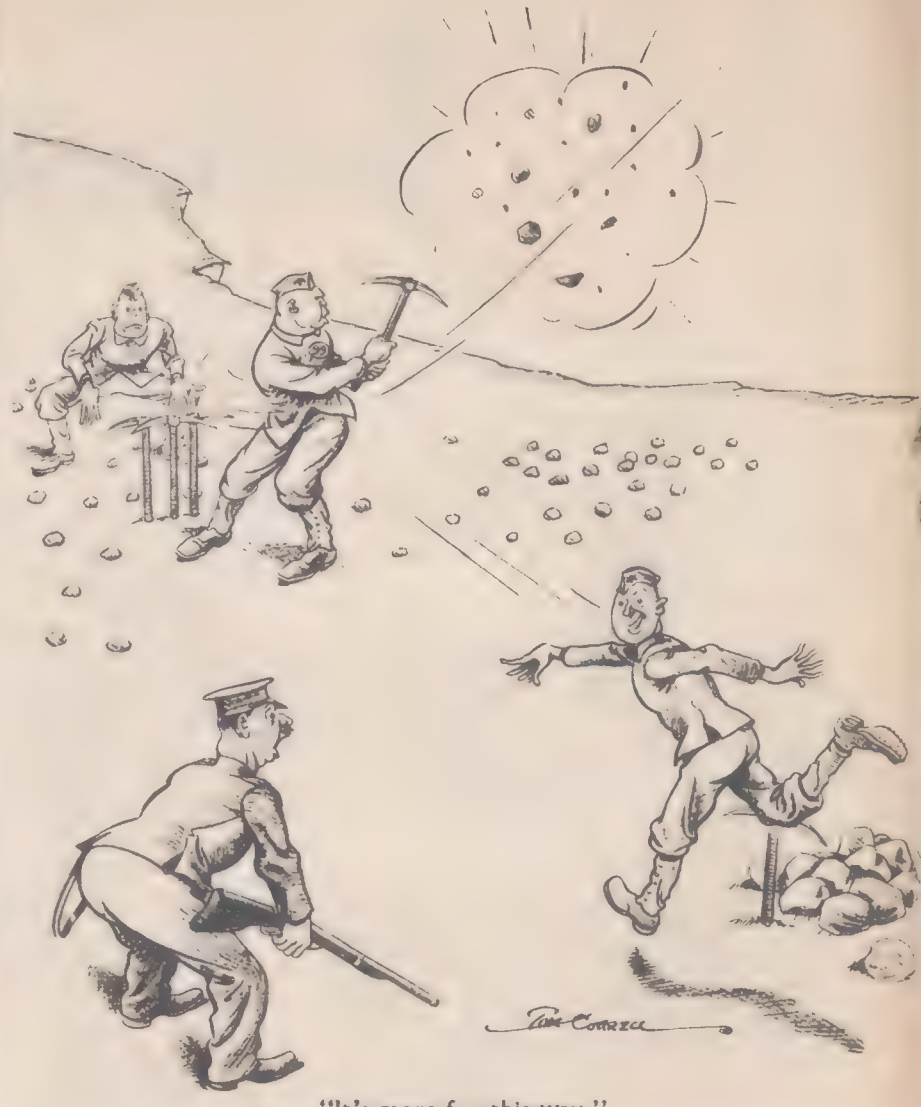
"Handle your damage claim, sir?"

The husband of the woman who will pack things inside hats.

"Captain! A stowaway!"



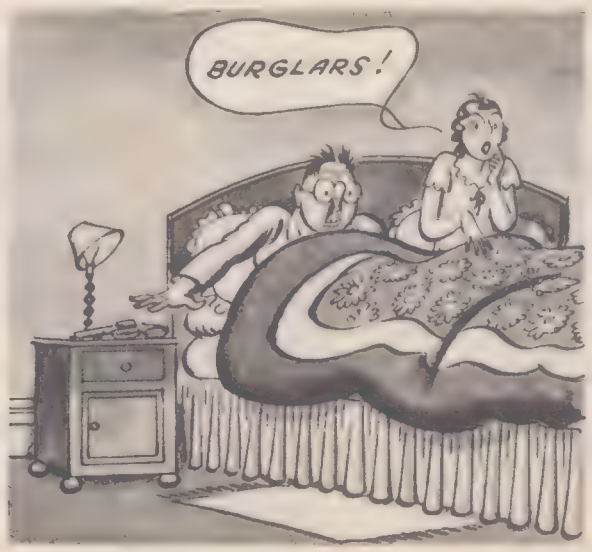
"Gangway, please—I've changed my mind."

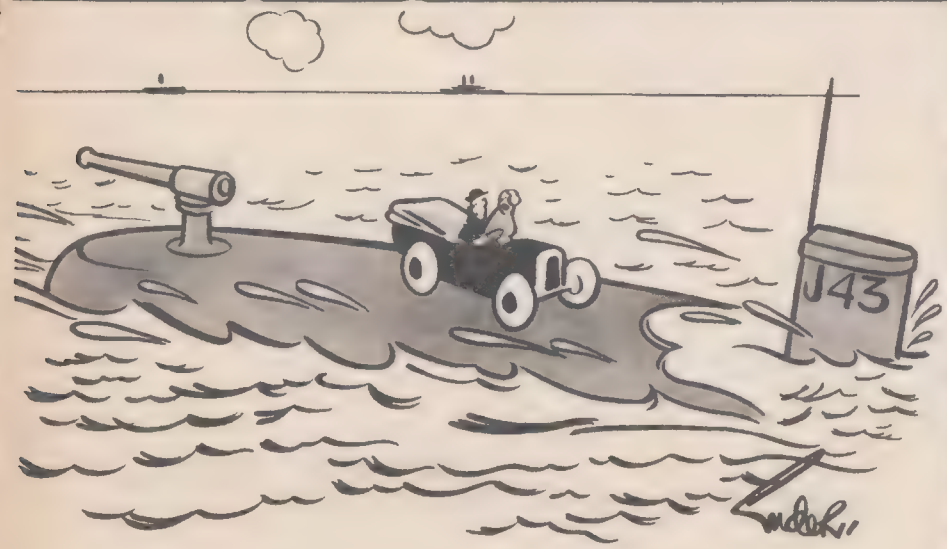


"It's more fun this way."

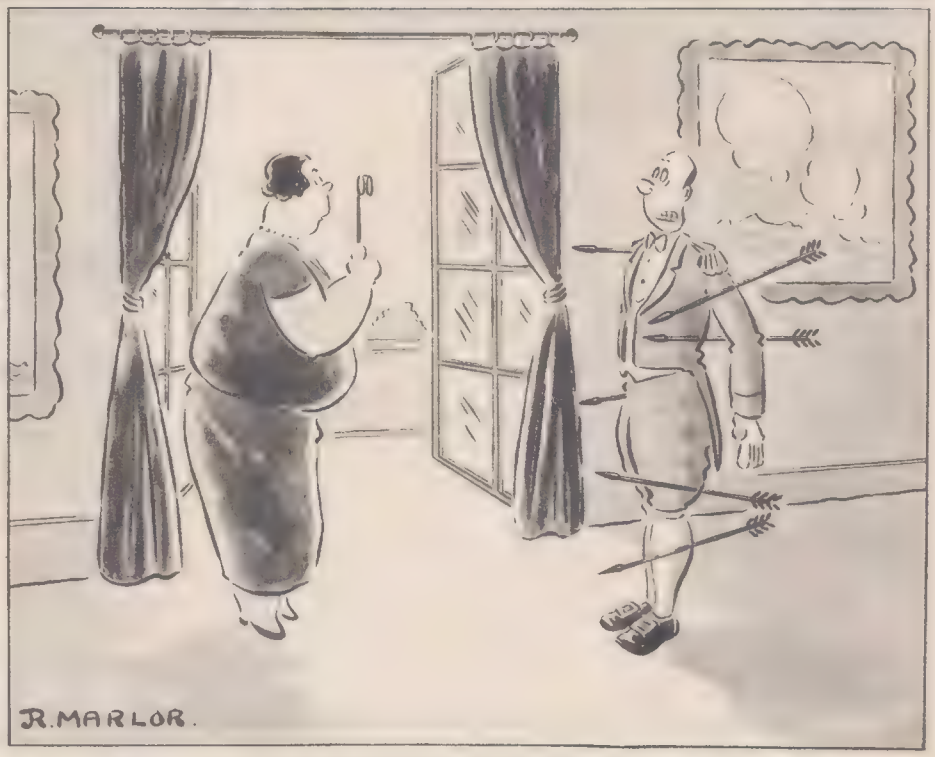
A MAN AND BURGLARS

by A. C. BARRETT





"Are you sure this is the ferryboat?"

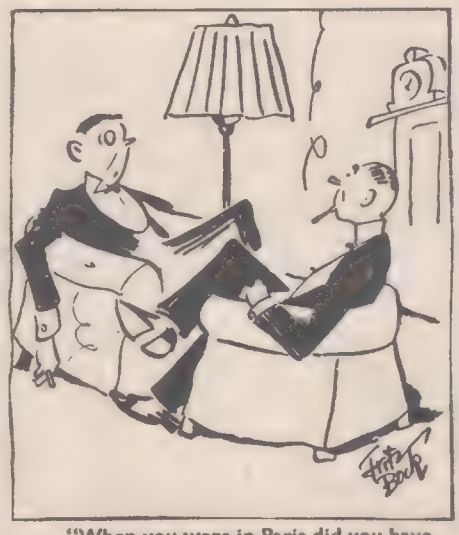


"Don't encourage Master Horace to play Red Indians, Perkins."

The conscientious motorist turns in his sleep.

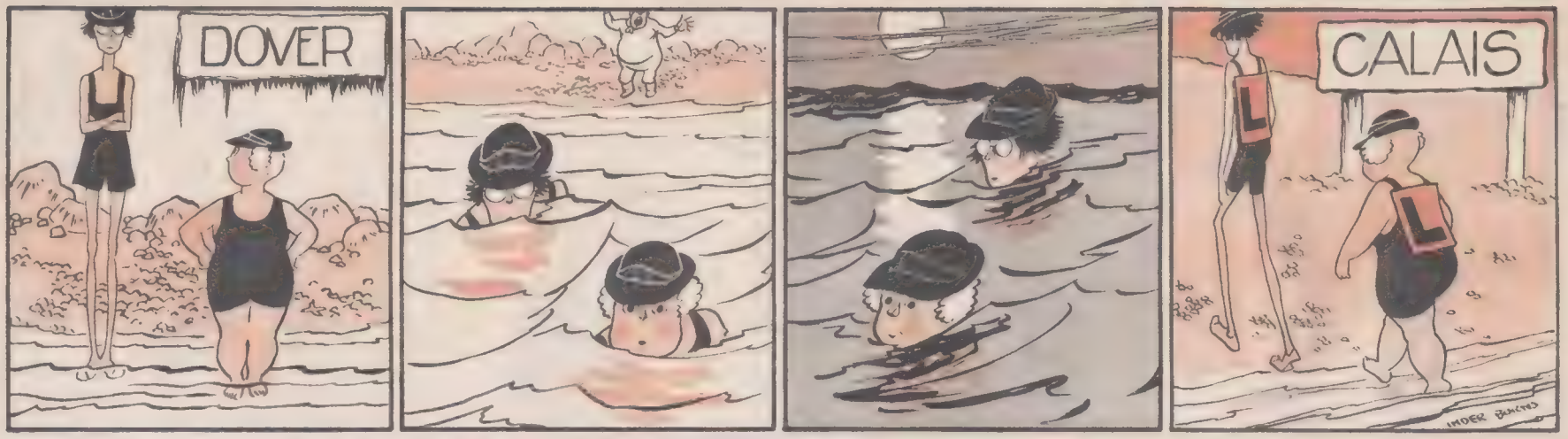
LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

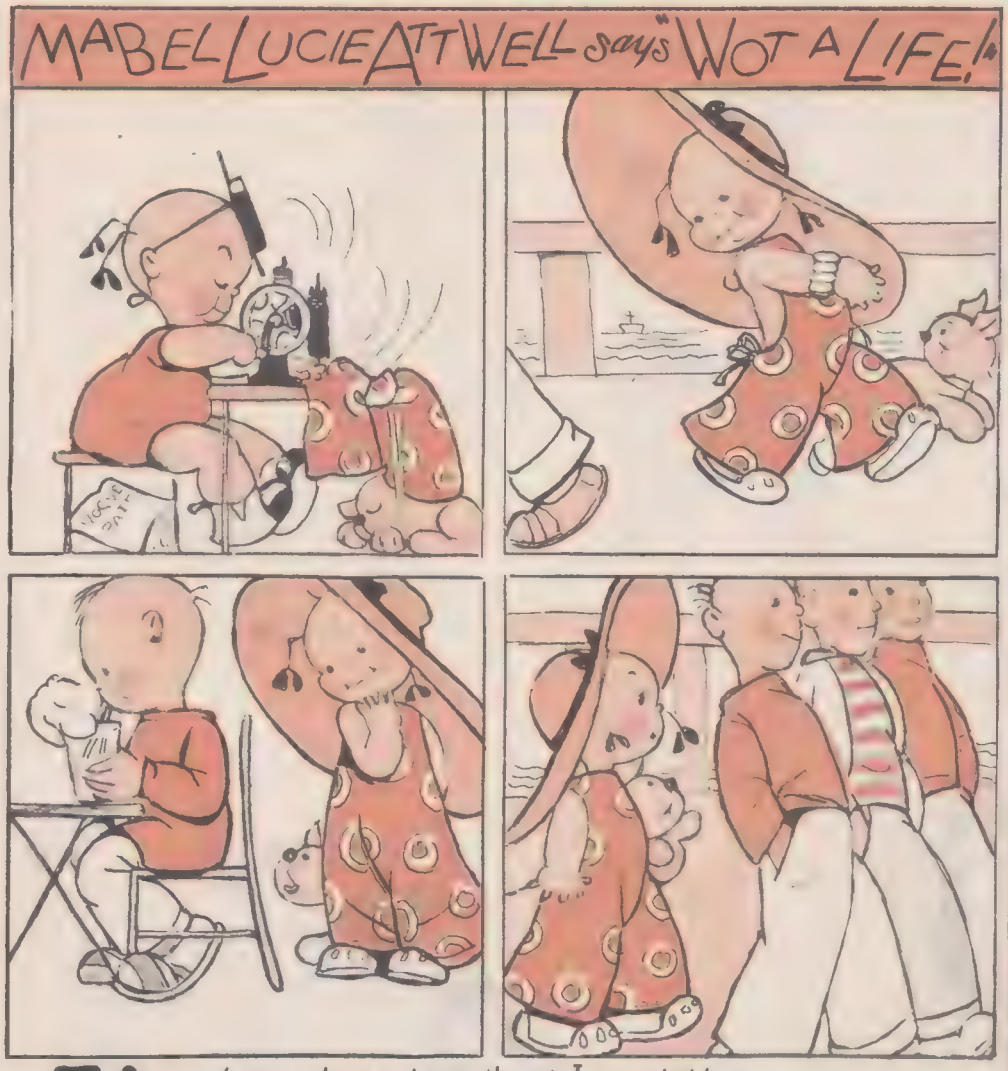
"Miss Jepson, rush across to the library and see what sort of bikes they rode in Julius Caesar's time."
—*Sydney Bulletin.*



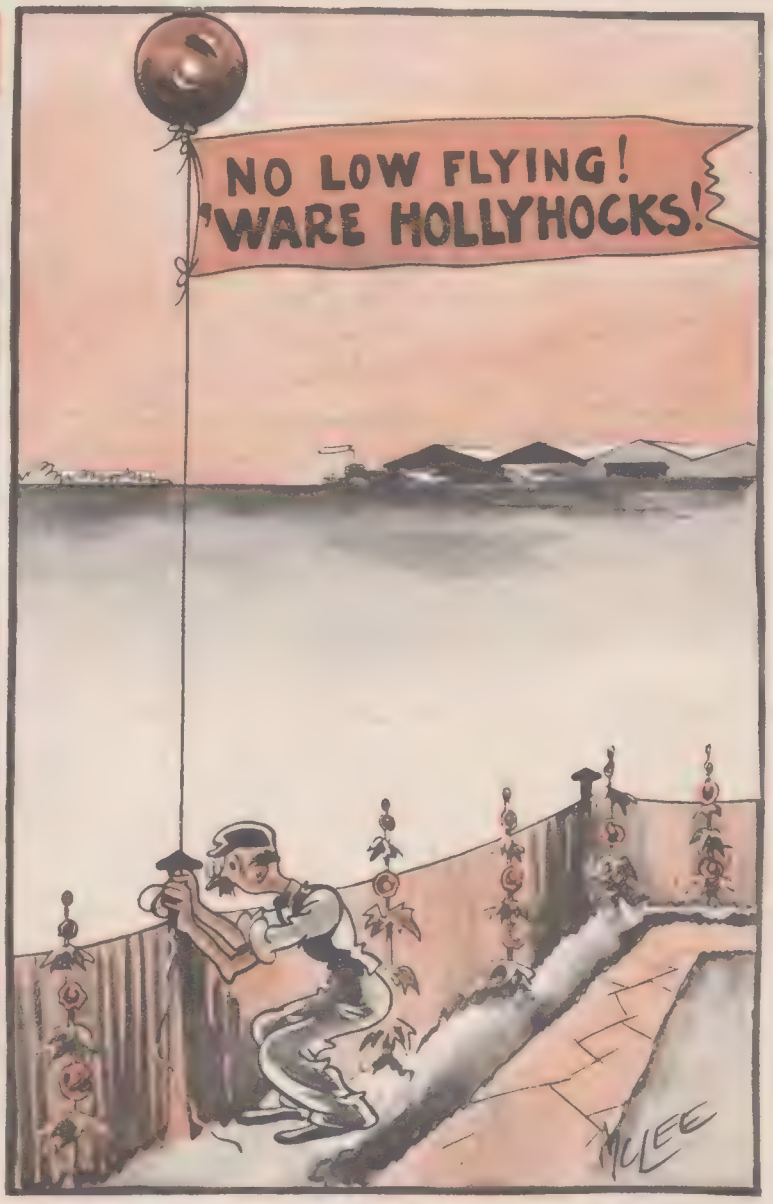
"When you were in Paris did you have difficulty with your French?"
"No, but the French did."
—*Das Interessante Blatt*, Vienna.

"As a favour, old man, would you take the lawn-mower as well?"
—*Smith's Weekly*, Sydney.





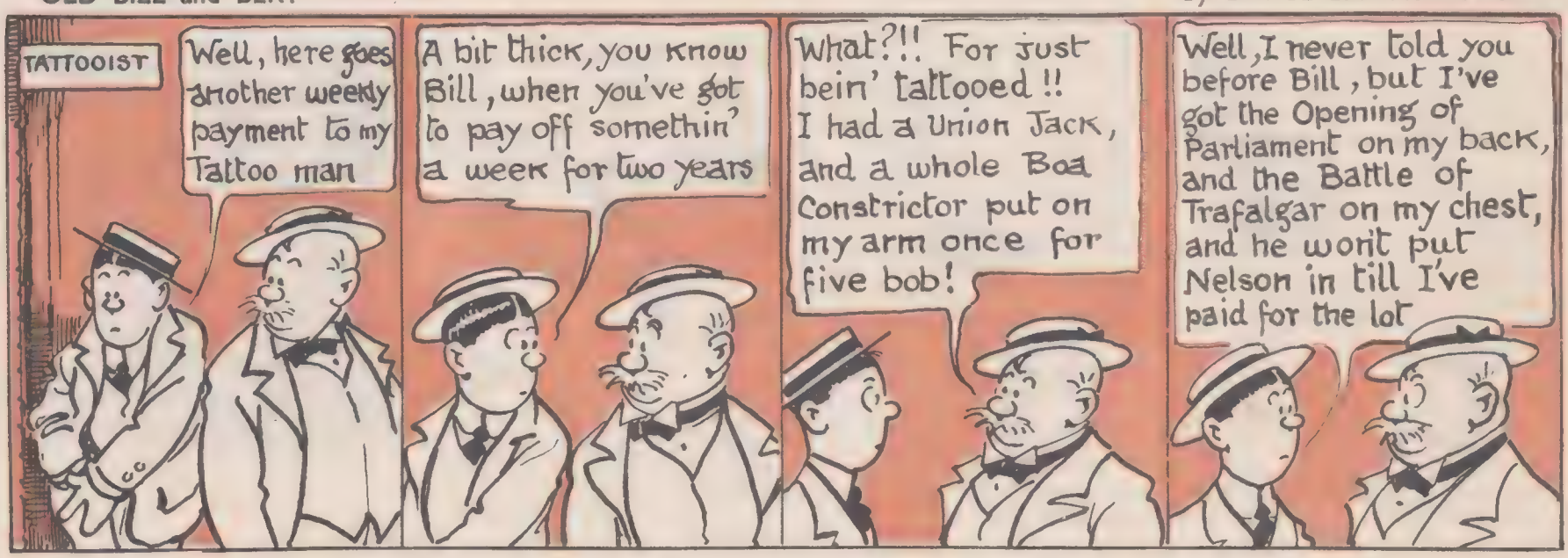
I work so hard so that I could be
Real smart and gay for me stay by the sea-
I thought that a "boy friend" I'd eas-ly get
But-nobody seems to have seen me yet!



The optimist who lived next to an aerodrome.

OLD BILL and BERT

By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



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Perstop

● "Please, sir, don't fetch a policeman. I'll tell you."

THIS REALLY HAPPENED

Too Many Fivers

MARKING Easter term test papers was an irritating and tedious task without the added annoyance of a rattling window.

I climbed on to one of the back desks to see if the offending window could be wedged. With the thought that a piece of paper might do the job, I turned to the nearest boy.

"Rawlings, hand me a piece of paper. No! stupid, can't you see I want to stop this confounded rattle? Fold it into a wedge."

Now that the window was silenced, perhaps I could get on with my job. For a few minutes there was quiet in the room. Silence was broken only by the sounds of laborious, youthful handwriting. Then, a titter came from the back of the class.

"Come out, Fergus, and bring your plaything with you."

With his head well down in a grubby neckerchief which served him as a collar, a boy of nine, obviously feeling very sheepish, brought out a boat of folded paper.

"If you think you can spare time during school hours to become a boat builder, I don't." I began: "Give me your toy, and sit——"

Have you ever screwed a £5 note into a ball, preparatory to throwing it into a waste paper basket? I carefully unfolded the crisp paper, rendered speechless by sheer astonishment. It really was a "fiver," but where . . .? How . . .? Why . . .? At last, when speech returned, I'd collected my thoughts.

"Come back here, Fergus. Where did you get this—er—paper from?"

"Please, sir, a boy in Class 3 give it to me this morning."

"Do you know his name?"

"No, sir."

"Please, sir! Please, sir!" interrupted another boy, "I do, sir, he give me one too, sir."

"Well, Flails, when you've finished shouting at me, come out here and let me hear what you think you know about it."

Fishing into the lining of his jacket, through what was once intended as a pocket, Flails produced a dirty rag, which served him as a handkerchief, some string, a broken rubber balloon, a nutmeg, and finally two bewhiskered sweets wrapped in a piece of paper. This last he handed to me . . . another £5 note!

This was not a job for me. This must be put into the head master's hands at once.

Hastily entering the hall, I found the Head in altercation with a fellow twice his size. A burly man with close-set eyes and huge feet, obviously, even to the untrained eye, a plain-clothes policeman.

Sylvan Grove belies its fair name. Every day is washday. Street doors, remaining open, allow foul smells of cooking greens and unwashed humanity to pollute the air.

Home came Freddy Frowd, to seek some dinner at No. 16, on that day of surprises. He found big brother Alf, beslippered, unshaven, smoking by the fire till someone gave him some food, and he could slouch off to the "Green Dragon."

"'Ere, Ma! Git my grub ready. The kids are out of school. Now don't you come pushing in my way," as young Freddy tried to reach a pencil from the mantelpiece. "You ain't goin' to start drawin' now, I'm goin' to 'ave my dinner—if you don't take it off the table at once you'll lose it, so look out. Come on, give it 'ere," finished Alf, as he snatched away Freddy's drawing paper. "What the—— Where d'yer git this from?"

"Mum! Mum! He's took my bill," wailed young Freddy.

Mrs. Frowd snatched the note.

"A b-b-boy give it to me at school," blubbered young Freddy, by now thoroughly scared of his possession. "Lily's got one too."

"Good 'eavens," gasped the astonished woman, "where is she?"

At this instant the youngest of the family appeared in the doorway. The older two immediately pounced upon the poor child, overwhelming her with demands for the "bill." When some understanding came to Lily, she informed them that the "bill" had been thrown away along the road.

Alf thereupon executed some of the first speedy movements of his life. With an astonished Lily dragged behind him he dashed out of the house and down the road. He returned in triumph a few minutes later with a second, soiled, but nevertheless genuine, "fiver" clasped in his hand.

Mrs. Frowd took charge of his find.

"'Ere, Freddy! Dry yer eyes and listen. This is money, and I want you to go round to the Post Office and ask the man if he will oblige your mum by changing this for her. And you, Lily. You go to Tubb's stores and buy a pound of broken biscuits, and say, 'Please Mum says she's sorry that she ain't got no smaller change.'"

It can best be imagined what the Post Office official thought, when eight-year-old Freddy Frowd, not unknown to him, with seat, elbows and toes peeping unashamedly through his clothing, proffered a five-pound note across the counter.

The policeman who accompanied Freddy home, reached No. 16 just as Lily turned the corner with her stalwart, blue-clad escort.

Now we can return to what was a very difficult situation. A plain-clothes man was trying to convince the head master that a boy in his school was distributing £5 notes.

Fergus and Flails, scenting excitement, soon sought out the distributor of such largess, and brought him to the Head's room.

Horner, a surly little fellow of nine, unwillingly admitted that he had been giving away the "bills."

"Please sir, I found them in Dan's field" (a piece of waste land near the school).

"Oh! Did you?" said the burly one. "Just come along and show me where."

"No, I don't want to," protested Horner, realising that his bluff was about to fail, and backing away from the outstretched arm of the law.

"Well, just you alter your mind," replied the detective, seizing him by the arm.

"Please sir, don't fetch a policeman. I'll tell you where I got them," and turning to me with tears streaming down his face: "Please, sir, you won't let them, will you, sir?"

The boy's story, as rendered by him, would be very disconnected and difficult to understand. So I will set it down as the story we finally understood.

An orphan boy, he lived with his aunt, a woman of comfortable means who carried on business as a confectioner. As he was starting off to school in the morning his aunt had called him back to make him wash his neck properly and change his shirt. Boy-like, he resented this interference with his personal affairs, and did as he was told with very bad grace.

His aunt, having some large bills to meet, had withdrawn £60 from her account. With the maiden lady's ever-present fear of burglars, she had tucked this money, twelve £5 notes, down at the bottom of the chest of drawers. It was to this drawer that she, thoughtlessly, sent her nephew to find his clean shirt. The boy, forced to wash against his will, was in the mood to do anything for spite. As the papers slipped out with the shirt, without any thought of stealing, he put them in his pocket. To him they were just "bills," and as such were distributed to the boys at school.

This story was soon verified by the police, who were quite crestfallen now that the great coup had failed to materialise, though I imagine they had no easy task, coping with the Aunt's emotions, when they conveyed to her the news of her loss.

Our next step was obvious. The police had three notes and I had collected two. An assembly of the whole school was immediately called. Such an assembly, I am sure, has never been known in any other school. FIVERS—dirty, torn, sticky, grubby, folded, screwed, drawn on and chewed ones, were produced from the most inconceivable places and pockets.

A final count showed us that, including the first four, ten in all had been recovered. Where were the other two?

A complete suspension of all work, and a search of every boy, nook and cranny failed to produce even the suggestion or portion of one.

That evening the caretaker duly presented himself at the local police station.

On duty after dismissal of the school, and making his usual round of window closing, he discovered wedged in a window, to stop it from rattling—two £5 notes!

Next Week's
MIDSUMMER NUMBER

Herbert Sutcliffe

If you want to take an elephant to Chicago or just to spend a week at Blackpool it all means
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says
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Sometimes they are haunted by fears and Phobias which have no root in Reason, but are the unhealthy symptoms of a mind that has temporarily lost its natural tone and temper.

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"If . . ."

Suggested by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's famous poem

Contributed by a Pelman Student

IF you can lose your head till none about you
Can count on you to see them safely through;
If they can show that they can do without you,
And take good care you recognise it too;

If you have dreamed till dreams are now your master,
If you have always played a losing game,
If each small failure seems to you disaster,
And if success is nothing but a name;

If everything you learn is soon forgotten,
If half you learned you never understood,
If mind and memory alike are rotten,
And life itself has brought you nothing good;

If you lack hope, ideas, and intuition
And energy and grit to get things done,
One thing alone can save you from perdition,
And that is . . . Be a Pelmanist, my son!

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem "If" will be found in "Rewards and Fairies," published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

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Lavinia Brown's Accusation

MARIUS LAGARDE of Marseilles looked doubtfully at the customer who waited at his counter. The man was small and nondescript, but obviously a foreigner. He wore horn spectacles and a neat black moustache. He seemed quite composed and spoke passable French in a low voice.

"I will take five hundred grammes of white arsenic," he said.

Marius Lagarde pulled at his grey beard. It was not the first time in his life that he had received a request for dangerous substances from a stranger. Fortunately, he stood well with the police. Otherwise his little shop in the Rue du Levant in the old port would have long since ceased to exist. One had little to fear from the *flics*, however, when one had a brother-in-law on the local beat. Still, one had to be careful with strangers.

"I fear, *Monsieur*," he said, in the strong metallic accent of Marseilles, "that it is difficult for me to sell such a substance to one whom I do not know. You will understand that it is more than a mere formality."

The stranger approached and leaned across the counter.

"It was Pierre Mistral of the Café du Vieux Port who recommended me to you."

Marius Lagarde examined his client and made his calculations. The man was well dressed, he noted, in a plain black suit of a good cut, obviously from England, a black felt hat and a light waterproof over the arm, for the day was hot and thundery.

"Five hundred grammes," he said. "That will cost you five hundred francs. One franc per gramme—that is my price."

Marius Lagarde leaned back from the counter, prepared to bargain. To his surprise, however, the stranger at once withdrew from his pocket a slim leather note-case, extracted from it a five hundred franc note and laid it on the counter.

Marius Lagarde stared at him a moment. Then he went to the back of the shop and began to weigh out the drug.

He returned to the counter with the arsenic on a sheet of stout white paper, but his customer produced an oblong, empty, tin cigarette box.

"Please pack it in that," he said.

Marius Lagarde did as he was bid, but, before completing the operation, retired to the back of the shop with the five hundred franc note. A brief examination of the watermark satisfied him that it was genuine. One never knew, and he had once been landed with a thousand franc note which had brought him nothing but trouble. The scalded cat fears cold water. He returned to the counter and completed his packing of the parcel, wrapping it round with white paper and sealing the ends.

The stranger waited patiently and then, with a quick word of thanks, picked up the parcel and left the shop.

Marius Lagarde looked at the calendar on the wall. Thursday, June 1. The new month was beginning well.

"*Un Dubonnet sec? Bien, Monsieur.*"

Pierre Mistral took the order with dignity. Dignity was his normal carriage. Thereby he lived up to his name, of which he was justly proud. In his cups he claimed a distant connection with the poet.

He went quickly behind the bar, where the *patron* Achille was serving a couple of sailors from the good ship *Orient* which had docked that morning.

He took down the Dubonnet bottle from the shelf. Then, seeing that his master was well occupied, he bent down and groped in a dark corner under the zinc counter where he kept a spare apron and one or two personal belongings.

He had never thought that the stranger would return. Still, on the off-chance, he had the thing ready. He wrapped it first in a dirty handkerchief and then in the outer sheet of *La Petite Marseillaise*. Finally, he slid the package into the pocket of his apron and, taking the bottle

READ THIS FIRST

Valerie Beauchamp, middle-aged best-seller novelist, hoaxed by fellow members of a literary society, the Esoterics, into believing one of her admiring readers is in love with her, writes passionate love letters that cause great amusement. When told how she has been fooled, she is demented. She dismisses her servants, including her companion, Lavinia Brown, and locks herself up in her house. Four days later she is found murdered. While detectives are trying to find her murderer, her will is read, showing that she has left £200 a year to each of the Esoterics—Councillor Joshua Stanton, Edward Calcott, Frederick Reeves, Adelaide Tring, Naomi Garnett and Cyril Sidebottom. If any of them dies, his income is to be shared by the others.

Now Read On

"Do I understand that you anticipate further accidents of this kind?" "They will all die," said Miss Lavinia Brown.

Continuing

THE LEGACY MURDERS

by Francis Beeding

of Dubonnet, walked briskly with his short waiter's step to the iron-top table on the pavement in the sunshine outside where the stranger was sitting.

"I've got it, *Monsieur*," he said. "You have the price?"

The stranger nodded without speaking.

He was a slight man in a dark suit, with horn-rimmed spectacles and a small moustache—quiet, unobtrusive, obviously English.

"Pierre!" came a thick voice.

"*Bien Monsieur, bien. Je viens.*"

Pierre hurried away, the package in the pocket of his apron bumping against his knees. Old Estartifigue was calling for his morning draught of beer. Pierre hastened to supply his needs and, having done so, was called again to the table of the stranger who was tapping with a coin. The stranger had laid a folded newspaper beside his empty glass and from beneath it protruded the edge of a thousand franc note. Pierre leaned over the iron table and collected the money for the drink.

"In my pocket, *Monsieur*," he said.

He felt a light pull at his apron, which was forthwith relieved of the weight which had been dragging it down.

"You can keep the newspaper," said the stranger.

"*Bien, Monsieur. Merci beaucoup.*"

The man thrust the package into the pocket of his light waterproof which lay on the vacant chair beside him. Then he rose and walked briskly away in the direction of the Vieux Port, leaving Pierre staring after him, one hand in his trouser pocket, to which he had conveyed the bank note.

The automatic and ten rounds of ammunition had cost him a hundred and fifty francs.

A most gratifying transaction, he reflected.

"Sit down, Wilks."

Martin looked up from his desk. The finger-print man sat down in a chair opposite him and opened a file.

"I should like to run over my notes with you so far as they relate to the finger-prints."

"Certainly, sir," said Sergeant Wilks as Martin leaned back and lit a pipe.

"Take the bedroom first," suggested Martin. "There were two sets of prints fresh enough to leave distinct impressions. I see you call the first set Series A."

Wilks nodded.

"It isn't my business to draw conclusions sir. For my purposes there is a set of very distinct prints, Series A, and another set of distinct prints, Series B. To Series A belong two prints on the picture covering the safe, prints on the silver knife and fork and on the plate with the remains of the apple on it that stood on the night-table by the bed, prints on the night-table itself and on the hair-brushes and other toilet articles. I have got specimens of the first four fingers of the right hand, the index and two last fingers of the left. These prints corresponded with those of the deceased."

"Did you find any of the same prints anywhere else in the house?" asked Martin.

Wilks shook his head.

"I tested pretty nearly the whole house—the dining-room, drawing-room, morning room and the library. There were no prints of any kind."

"Not a very satisfactory house from your point of view, Wilks."

"No, sir. Too much dusting and polishing. Everything clean as a new pin. On the other hand, it simplifies *your* work, Inspector. It confines us for all practical purposes to the two sets of prints—one of which we have identified as those of the deceased. These prints were found where we should expect to find them—on articles touched or handled by Miss Beauchamp on the evening when she was murdered."

Martin smiled.

"Who's drawing conclusions now?" he asked.

"Pretty safe conclusions, sir. I forgot to mention, by the way, that prints of the Series A were also found—a thumb and two fingers—on the gold pen which was lying on Miss Beauchamp's desk in the library."

"Evidently the pen with which she wrote the farewell letter to Lavinia Brown."

"Very probably, sir. But it's not for me to say."

"Shall we take Series B now?"

"First let me confirm, sir, that, acting on your instructions, I have identified, with the consent of the parties, every print we found in the house other than those we are now discussing. Prints in the small room adjoining the library were found to be those of Miss Naomi Garnett, secretary to the deceased. There were also the servant's prints in the kitchen and the prints of Miss Lavinia Brown in her own bedroom and one or two elsewhere. The prints belonging to Series B are, therefore, the only ones in the house whose owner cannot be traced. This is a list of them: Four prints, a thumb and three fingers, in the bathroom opening off the bedroom of the deceased; eight prints four fingers of each hand, on the paint of the balcony rail leading to the window; similar prints, including thumbs, on the ladder; the prints of a thumb on the picture covering the safe; prints of a thumb and two fingers of the left hand on the rake-handle."

"The files have been searched, of course?" suggested Martin.

Wilks nodded.

"We have no record of them in the Yard, sir. We have communicated with Paris, Berlin, Rome and New York. You shall have their replies as soon as they reach us."

Martin shook his head.

"It was necessary to follow the routine. But I'm convinced this was not the work of an international criminal."

Sergeant Wilks stood up.

"Thank you, Wilks," said Martin.

Martin, left alone, turned over his notes. He would have to go through the whole case again with Crosby. Everything con-

(*continued on next page*)

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Continuing The Legacy Murders

firmed their joint theory that the murderer had been a casual tramp. No trace of any such person had yet been found, but reconstruction along the lines of this hypothesis was easy in itself and seemed the only solution which fitted the facts.

The unknown marauder would have been watching the house, possibly for a day or two. He would have noted that Valerie Beauchamp was living alone. He had reared a ladder to the balcony and entered by the window. All this was clear from the traces which he had left. His subsequent actions were more speculative, but not difficult to follow. Looking through the rose curtains he had seen Valerie Beauchamp put away her valuables in the bedroom safe, which could easily be observed from the balcony. He had struck her down and struck again. He had then gone into the bathroom with the obvious purpose of cleansing his hands and person.

Why had he used the tooth-glass? Wanted a drink, probably, thought Martin. His mouth must have been dry . . . dry with panic. He had then taken away the contents of the safe, and departed the way he had come. The whole job would not have taken more than ten minutes.

The criminal was obviously of a simple mentality. He had raked over his footprints made in the garden bed, but he had left his finger-prints on the rake.

Inspector Martin looked unhappily at the file in front of him.

These casual crimes, though committed by simpletons, were not as a rule easy to solve. Premeditation and scientific method could be met upon their own ground and defeated, but there were no weapons against the savage and unforeseen incursions of chance.

Inspector Martin sat for some little time longer at his desk. There was something incongruous in this simple end to a series of events so abnormal. For what a strange story this casual act of a passing brute had unfolded. Valerie Beauchamp must have been a pretty hard person to live with and have caused severe and frequent heart-burnings in the parish. But that business of the fake letters was going a little—more than a little—too far. Would she, had she been spared, have taken her own life? And what had been the mood in which she had made her curious will—with its elaborate arrangements for distributing income and capital among her enemies? Had she really been moved by a spirit of forgiveness?

Martin shook his head thoughtfully. He did not readily dismiss from his mind things he could not humanly understand and he had more than once puzzled over the strange terms of the last will and testament of Valerie Beauchamp.

Adelaide Tring threw wide the windows of the "Old Hut." She liked this moment of the day. She called it letting in the morning and here was a morning to be welcomed—fresh and blue and warm, with dew on the grass and a scent of flowers from her garden.

She stayed by the window, turning over her plans for the day—Saturday, June 3, by the calendar. She had promised to take tea with the Canon and before lunch she would go to James's shop in the Tottenham Court Road to complain about the quality of their last consignment of wool. She had every right to complain and now she could afford to be really bitter, for she would also settle a long-standing account. But first she must call at the bank and pay in Mr. Thoroughgood's cheque—the first instalment of the legacy, delivered promptly and to date.

Two hundred pounds a year as long as she remained in the Society. It was really too good to be true. The long struggle was over. She might even move from the "Old Hut," though there was no good reason, perhaps, why she should do so. Three rooms in a by-way of the suburb, within easy distance of the woods, and a strip of garden were all she needed and it was a pleasant spot.

She walked to the front door and pulled it open. A pint bottle of milk from the local dairy, with its neat cardboard seal, stood on the threshold. She picked it up and carried it back with her to the tiny, spotless kitchen. She placed the milk on the table and, opening the blue-painted cupboard, drew forth a tin of oatmeal biscuits. Milk with oatmeal biscuits had been her breakfast for many years—an excellent diet. She had never been sick or sorry in her life.

She opened the milk bottle. The seal came away very easily. The bottle, in fact, was hardly sealed at all. That was a little careless of the dairy. She must remember to speak to them about it.

She poured the milk into a large tumbler and began to sip it—cold new milk, delicious on a summer morning. She ate a couple of oatmeal biscuits, her mind still revolving on the pleasantness of life in general and of her own in particular. Presently she finished the milk in a long draught and looked at her watch.

It was nine o'clock. Normally she would have been at her loom, but there was now no need to finish that work for Mrs. Cardew. She could afford to keep her few customers waiting.

She would spend an hour digging in her garden. Honest sweat was good for the constitution and at her age there was no need to worry about the complexion.

She passed into the garden, took her spade from the little lean-to shed and worked steadily among the delphiniums for three-quarters of an hour.

Suddenly she set down the spade. A sharp pain, as of indigestion, had gripped her in the stomach. That was curious. She had never suffered from any digestive troubles. It came again—a fiery stab. Could it be the hot sun? Perhaps she should have worn a hat. There it had passed. What a blessed relief. No—it had come again, worse than before. She was going to be sick.

The pain was gripping her again, twisting her vitals. Her forehead and hands were icy cold. She found herself lying on the tiny patch of lawn.

She struggled to her knees. The sharp pain was a dull ache as she tottered towards the house, but it took her again as she reached the kitchen.

"I must be ill," she thought.

The effort of walking caused the sweat to pour down her face. She reached the sitting-room with a mighty effort. The telephone was there, hidden by a gorgeously embroidered doll of her own making. She snatched at the doll as the pain took her again. The earpiece was in her hand. Through a mist of pain she heard it cluck. That was the operator, for they were not on the automatic yet. With a desperate effort she held it to her ear.

"Number please," came an impersonal voice.

She did not know the number.

"Get me Dr. Reeves. . . . Dr. Reeves."

She could not recognise her own voice.

With a strangled scream, still holding the receiver in her hand, she fell forward on to the floor.

It was thus that Dr. Reeves found her, a quarter of an hour later, distorted and dead.

"Thank you, Sergeant Allthorpe. It is very good of you to let us use your office."

Martin sat down at the Sergeant's desk.

It was ten o'clock in the morning. For the last two hours he had been working with Crosby at the "Old Hut," and they had walked thence to the Highwood Police Station.

"If you don't mind, sir, I'll be going," said the Sergeant. "There are one or two jobs waiting."

"That's all right, Sergeant."

The Sergeant crossed the room and disappeared through the door.

Martin looked at Crosby who was moodily inspecting a framed copy of the Licensing Act.

"Sit down, James. We are going to compare notes."

"You're an optimist," said Crosby, coming to the table and producing a pipe. "Speaking for myself, I haven't any notes."

"Come," said Martin, more brightly than he felt. "To begin with, we've got a very definite time-table. The doctor says the woman must have died a few minutes before he got to her. She obviously drank the milk for breakfast, at nine o'clock or a little before."

The telephone rang sharply. Martin took the receiver.

"Inspector Martin speaking. . . . Thank you. . . . Yes, it fits the case all right. . . . Let me have a copy for filing."

He put up the receiver and turned back to Crosby.

"That was the analyst's report. Arsenic in large quantities, as the doctor suspected."

"We were comparing notes," Crosby reminded him.

"The milk was delivered just before six o'clock. The arsenic must have been introduced into it some time between its delivery and nine o'clock. It could not have got into the milk before delivery. The manager of the dairy was quite positive on the point. Their milk is taken directly from the cow and introduced into the bottles in accordance with the latest dairy technique. Someone on the staff could, of course, have put the poison in the bottle, but I merely mention that hypothesis to cover the ground. The supposition is ridiculous : no evidence and no motive."

Martin paused and waited for Crosby to

(*continued on page* 28)

What it Means to You — *by Francis Williams*

Colonies of the League

FROM the speeches of Dr. Schacht and others who speak with the voice of Hitler, we can guess that before long Germany will be demanding colonies.

Colonies are necessary it will be argued to provide an outlet for population; colonies are necessary to secure access to essential industrial raw materials, and they are necessary to provide markets.

Germany, Japan and Italy maintain that a country without colonies is at a disadvantage compared with a colony-owning Power such as Britain. They even threaten that unless some attempt is made to meet their demands, they will eventually go to war for colonies.

Analysis of their claims shows, however, that they are in part only supported by facts. Colonies are not important outlets for population, particularly European population, nor are they important sources of raw materials for in fact none of the existing colonial territories contain, as far as is known, any large supplies of raw materials for industry with the exception of rubber and tin. The claim for markets has more foundation.

Of Britain's total export trade, for example, 10 per cent. goes to colonial countries, excluding the self-governing dominions and India. Moreover, through Imperial preference and Ottawa agreements, our colonial markets are increasingly closed to other countries, among whom are Germany and Japan.

Merely to agree that there is justice in some of Germany's claims is not to suggest that we should undertake to transfer colonies to Germany, or to any other country.

In the interests of world peace and of native populations it would be wiser to agree in future to administer all colonies as trustees of the League of Nations under a mandate system.

If we agree to adopt the principle of the mandate system this would mean that we should adopt the policy of the Open Door, allowing all countries an equal chance with ourselves of selling goods in colonial markets, while we should undertake not to use colonies for military or strategic purposes.

We should, also, propose the setting up of a Colonial Loans Authority under the League of Nations under which all countries would be able to participate in the provision of capital for the development of colonial concessions instead of, as now, colonial concessions usually being exploited to the advantage of a small group of financiers.

The way to meet the colonial claims of Germany and the other dissatisfied powers is by an advance from the old imperialism to a new conception of trusteeship, under which all nations will have equal rights to participate in colonial development in the interests of colonial races.

For advice on current economic problems, write to the Economic Advisory Bureau, "The Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope.

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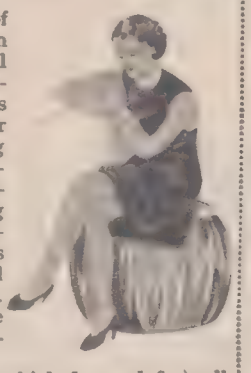

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"I was a martyr to biliousness and indigestion with sick headaches, to such an extent that I used to anticipate an attack after every meal. I had tried many cures without obtaining relief until, happening to see Maclean Brand Stomach Powder advertised, I thought I would give it a trial.

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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must also get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for 1/3d. and 3/-.

Continuing The Legacy Murders

make some comment. Disappointed, he continued.

"I imagine that someone was waiting for the milk to be delivered and slipped in the poison immediately."

Crosby grunted.

"The milkman saw nobody," he said. "Nor did anybody else."

"The poisoner didn't beat a drum and announce his intention," said Martin.

"Nobody saw him," repeated Crosby stubbornly.

"We know at least two things," Martin pursued. "We know first of all that the murderer is someone who got up early this morning and who won't be able to account for his movements before breakfast."

"People don't need to account for their movements before six o'clock in the morning. Your suspect, when you find him, will tell you that he was still in bed and asleep."

"That would make it all the more difficult for him to explain why he was in fact out and about. Secondly, we know that the murderer is one who stood to gain by the death of his victim."

"That merely brings us back to the will."

Martin nodded amiably.

"It brings us back to the will," he agreed, "and I'm going to hold on to it, especially as the will may prove to be a link between this new crime and the murder of Valerie Beauchamp."

"I can't see any possible connection."

"The same group of persons is involved. I could invent a rough and ready connection right away, though I don't put it forward seriously."

"As how?"

"Valerie Beauchamp makes a codicil to her will whereby six people benefit immediately by her death. Eighteen months later she is murdered."

"You are forgetting that she had already decided to take her own life."

"No one knew of that intention."

"No one knew of the codicil."

"We cannot be sure of that."

"Well?"

The same situation has again arisen. Six people stood to gain by Valerie Beauchamp's death. One of them has this morning been murdered and the remaining five will benefit again."

"How exactly?"

"You evidently don't recall the terms of the will. The five remaining legatees will receive immediately about a thousand pounds apiece. There are your five suspects, James. We have no evidence for the moment. So we must work on motive."

"We can't interrogate on motive alone."

"We are not going to *interrogate*. We are going to call upon certain friends of the deceased with a view to ascertaining whether any of them happened to see her that morning and whether they know of anything in her life or circumstances which might help to throw light on what has happened."

Martin paused and produced a sheet of paper which he handed to Crosby.

"I've jotted down the names," he said.

Crosby took the paper and read:

Naomi Garnett, Councillor Joshua Stanton,
Edward Calcott, Frederick Reeves,
Cyril Sidebotham.

"You have written them in two columns," Crosby observed.

Martin nodded.

"Right-hand column for you. Left-hand column for me."

Crosby rose from his chair and knocked out his pipe.

"I'll get busy," he said, without enthusiasm.

"Meet me for lunch at the 'Cat and Fourpence,'" said Martin. "Then we can. . . ."

"Compare notes," Crosby concluded.

He moved towards the door and a moment later Martin followed him from the police-station.

Martin went first to see Naomi Garnett. The girl was white-faced and hollow-eyed. She seemed to suspect unutterable things, but could give him no help. It was to her inconceivable that Adelaide Tring could have had any enemies. She had been called at half-past eight with a cup of tea. Martin, on leaving the vicarage, looked at his watch. There was just time to get Edward Calcott. He took a tube to the city and found the offices of Messrs. Tressider and Jones, of Leadenhall Street, stockbrokers, of whom Edward Calcott was a junior partner.

Calcott was no more helpful than Naomi. He expressed great surprise and shock at the news of the murder. He was at first quite dumbfounded and then became feverishly voluble—pressing for details both as to the crime itself and the measures which were being taken to discover who was responsible. He, too, had been called by his mother's cook at eight o'clock.

Martin returned to Highwood sobered but not discouraged. He did not expect quick results. These were but preliminary measures.

Crosby, over an excellent cold pie and a jug of ale at "The Cat and Fourpence," told a sad tale, uniform with his own. Five of the persons on their joint list had apparently lain snugly in bed that morning up to half-past eight and there seemed no possible means of proving or disproving their statements without proceeding to inquisition such as for the moment seemed to be quite unjustified.

"We must narrow the field of inquiry," said Martin. "Each of our five beneficiaries had a motive. But did one of them, perhaps, have a stronger motive than the others?"

"You mean, was one of them in need of a thousand pounds?"

Martin nodded.

"Another thing," he added. "Which of them, if any, had access to unlimited quantities of white arsenic?"

Crosby nodded over his mug.

"You're looking rather more cheerful," Martin observed.

"Work to do," said Crosby. "I always like to get busy."

"I will see her at once."

George Martin, sitting in his room at New Scotland Yard on the second day following the murder of Adelaide Tring, hung up the receiver. He looked across at Crosby.

"Miss Lavinia Brown," he said. "Relative and companion to the late deceased."

"Want to see her alone?"

Martin shook his head.

"Stay where you are, James."

The door opened as he spoke. Miss Lavinia Brown came forward swinging a shiny black bag in her left hand. She was dressed in a plain coat and skirt, badly fitted to her gaunt figure. Beneath her coat was a black blouse and on her head was a black hat. She showed no kind of hesitation but, without a glance at Crosby, walked rapidly across the room till she reached Martin's desk. Martin had not quite risen to his feet when she came to a halt in front of him.

He found himself looking at a white face with an untidy wisp of hair across the forehead. Beneath the forehead two black eyes shone beadlike.

"It is the judgment of God," she said abruptly. "He has struck once. He will strike again."

"I . . . er . . . beg your pardon?" stammered Martin.

"Please sit down, Miss Brown."

He pointed to a leather arm-chair placed at a convenient position from his desk and turned so that anyone sitting in it faced the light and was at a slightly lower level than himself.

"Dead," continued Lavinia Brown. "Arsenic, it is said. A painful death, is it not?"

There was a quiet satisfaction in her tone and Martin had difficulty in concealing his surprise. He waited until she had settled herself in the arm-chair.

"I take it that you are referring to the death of Miss Adelaide Tring," he said.

Lavinia Brown nodded.

"I am," she replied. "She is the first to go."

"Do I understand that you anticipate further accidents of the kind?"

"They will all die," said Miss Lavinia Brown, and her eyes looked more than ever like glass beads.

"To whom do you refer?"

"To those who drove my poor friend to her death."

"In other words to the beneficiaries under the last will and testament of Valerie Beauchamp?"

"They will all die."

Martin bent over the open file on the table in front of him.

"You will excuse me, Miss Brown," he said, "but my time is unfortunately limited. May I ask if you have come to add anything to the statements which you have already made either in connection with the death of Valerie Beauchamp or with that of Adelaide Tring?"

Lavinia Brown nodded.

"Of course," she said.

Martin glanced at Crosby. Then he waited, but waited in vain.

"What do you wish to tell me, Miss Brown?" he inquired at last.

"I hate these people," she exclaimed. "I hate them all. I would see them all perish. I would see them all dead at my feet and laugh beside their open graves."

She paused.

"Is not this a little morbid, Miss Brown?" Martin ventured at last. "In any case, it does not explain your visit here to me."

"It is really very simple, Mr. Inspector. I feel it my duty to tell you that on the fatal morning when Adelaide Tring met her death, I saw footsteps."

"*Saw* them?"

Miss Lavinia Brown nodded.

"Footsteps," she repeated. "Footsteps in the dew. They ran across the doctor's lawn and the rose-bed. The doctor is proud of his lawn, though it is not to be compared with the lawns at 'Avilion.'"

"At what hour exactly did you see the footsteps?"

Martin leaned forward and picked up a pencil twisting it in his fingers.

"I don't know the exact hour. It was not long after dawn. They led from the greenhouse."

"The greenhouse?"

Lavinia Brown leaned forward.

"It is not really a greenhouse," she said impressively. "It is where the doctor keeps his drugs."

"In what direction did they lead?" asked Martin.

"To the gate," answered Lavinia Brown. "Where else should they lead."

"I see," answered Martin unruffled. "Have you any idea to whom they belong?"

"To Freddy Reeves, of course. Yes, Mr. Inspector, it was he who crept out in the early morning and poisoned the milk."

Lavinia Brown, having shot her bolt, got suddenly to her feet.

"Arrest him, Inspector. Hang him as he deserves to be hanged. That will be one less. Another of them will have paid the penalty."

She paused again and added suddenly: "Don't worry, Mr. Inspector. I can get a 'bus at the corner."

Martin accompanied her to the door and closed it behind her.

Crosby, as he turned back into the room, tapped his forehead.

"Of course," said Martin. "All the same I think we will have a look at the doctor's house."

"And then?"

"We shall take a special interest in Lavinia Brown. She, at any rate, was not in bed that morning at six o'clock."

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Footprints in the Dew.

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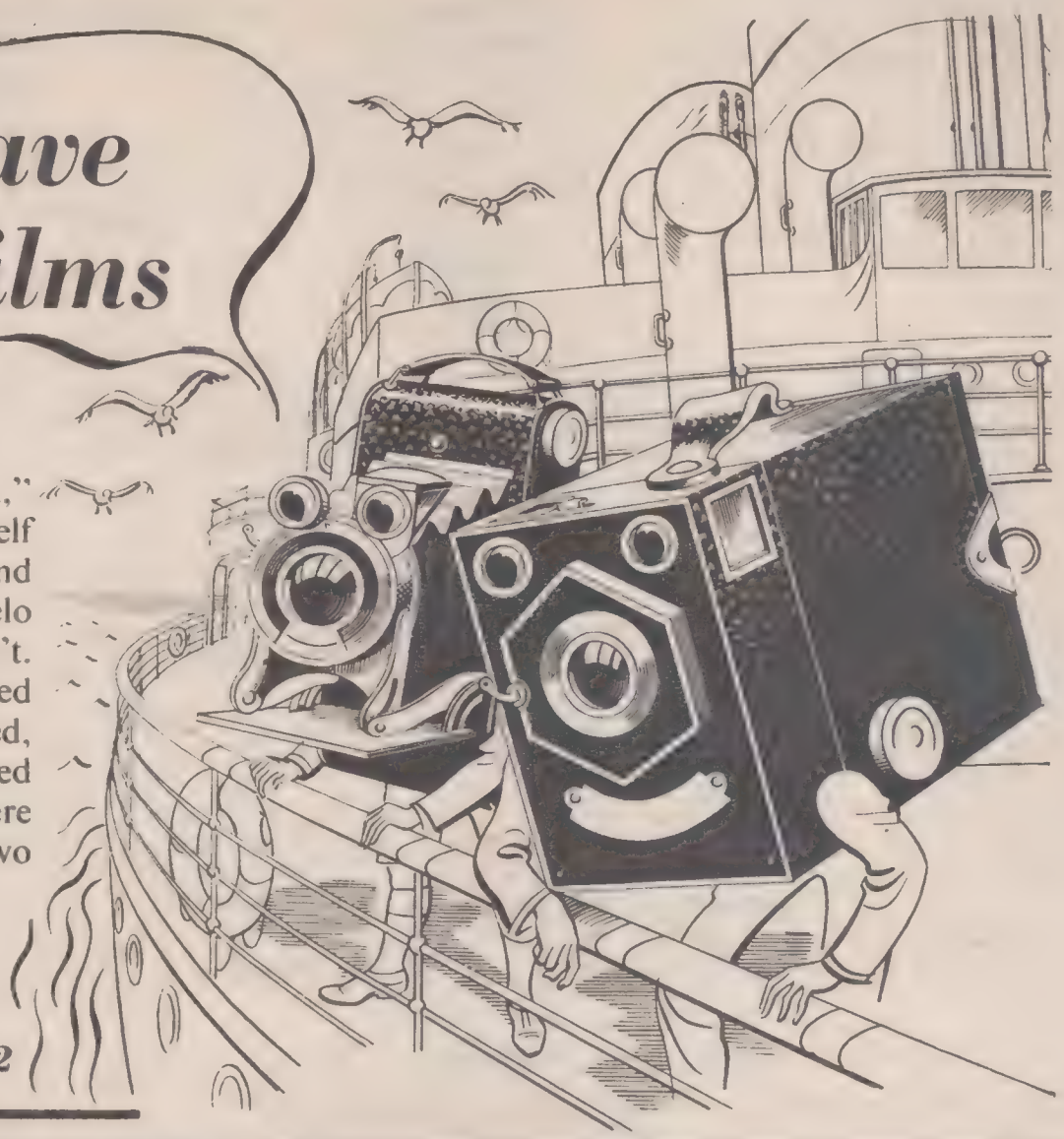

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Feet

THE chiropodist caressed my foot lovingly.

"A perfect example of a dropped arch," she crooned, smoothing the sole with a cold finger. I giggled—not because I was amused, but because my foot is sensitive. She was tickling it.

"It is not often one sees both the metatarsal *and* the transverse dropped," she continued, ignoring my levity.

I was not sure whether to feel proud of having dropped so many arches simultaneously or to be alarmed. After all, the feet would have to last me for a good many years and it seemed I had already been rather careless with them.

"This hallux valgus must be rather painful," said the chiropodist, with satisfaction, fingering a slight protrusion on the side of my left foot.

I was surprised. It was true I had sometimes felt a slight twinge from that particular bump, but I had never known it was a hallux valgus. I did not doubt that this was its correct name. It takes two years of intensive study to become a qualified chiropodist, and this one had quite imposing degrees. Obviously, she was right.

"Commonly known as a bunion," she added.

Bunion Means Envy

I no longer felt pleased with my hallux valgus, especially as I had just caught sight of a newspaper cutting which lay on the table. It contained the considered reflections of a Paris shoe designer on the subject of women's feet.

"An envious, down-at-the-mouth woman," I read, "generally has a bunion." I decided without hesitation that the man was both spiteful and unintelligent. I read on: "A woman who is pigeon-toed is dull and stupid, but a woman who has sex-appeal walks with a firm, even tread and carries herself with poise."

As I am certainly not pigeon-toed, I concluded that apparently I come into the category of the sirens who fascinate the men by the firmness and evenness of their tread. I would have derived more satisfaction from this thought if I could have remembered even one isolated instance of a subjugated male falling victim to my footfalls.

I decided that in future I must walk slower. Perhaps my firm tread had outpaced my admirers.

The chiropodist was busily slicing off portions of my right foot. She paid no attention to my expressions of alarm, but continued to wield her little knife with dexterity.

"All this hard skin is superfluous," she explained, "and it makes walking painful. I don't suppose with *your* feet you ever walk far, do you?"

She made it so obvious that my feet were definitely not the kind that should be asked to walk, I forbore to mention that I sometimes managed a ten-mile tramp, but admitted that a day of shopping in town did cause me some inconvenience.

"All your troubles come from wearing bad shoes," the talkative lady informed me, as she placed a large pad of adhesive felt at the back of my foot. I glanced down at my discarded footwear. They were a pair of black suede court shoes, with little dull leather bows in front—very smart and flattering to the foot. I was not left long in doubt as to their entire unsuitability in every way for me. Apparently, they were too short in the toe, too high in the heel, and without support for either arch.

Women were still foolish enough, it appeared, to put appearances before comfort, and even in these enlightened times continue to cramp their feet into shoes too small for them.

Research on the subject has discovered,

"Many foot troubles are caused through wearing the wrong shoes." And the right shoes need not be ugly.

C.C.528E

Foremost

Girls to-day must think of their feet as well as their faces.

WOMAN to WOMAN

by Isabel Aldridge

I was told, the rather distressing fact that women's feet are getting bigger and bigger. Apparently, sport is responsible for this. I registered a mental note to cut down on my tennis. I felt that even a firm, even tread would be lacking in sex appeal when accompanied by a pair of shoes size eight. One fact comforted me. Women in the north have broader and larger feet than those who live in the south.

It is thought that the more rugged countryside and the custom of wearing clogs may account for this. I have always preferred the south, in any case.

I emerged from the chiropodist's a sadder and a wiser woman. I had pads attached to the soles of both feet, a strapping of some kind round my hallux valgus, and lamb's wool wrapped round three of my toes on which she had declared there were corns.

I had made her a solemn promise to go right away and buy a new pair of really sensible, roomy shoes and to do my foot exercises night and morning. These consisted of pulling out the toes one by one, and picking up objects from the floor with a clenched foot.

In Olden Days

"A healthy foot is a beautiful foot," she had said brightly, as I regarded the result somewhat ruefully. After a few weeks of exercises assiduously performed, more pads and bindings, and the wearing of some hideous but comfortable shoes, I decided that the lot of the Victorian female was one indeed to be envied. She had no foot problems.

The very idea of going stockingless in the summer and wearing open-work, toe-less sandals would have brought blushes to her modest cheeks.

On the rare occasions when she tripped down the beach to do a little bathing, her feet were coyly concealed in stockings which reached to her thighs. Her problems concerned face and figure only. As long as her foot was small and could, with decorum, occasionally be allowed to peep below the hem of her gown, nothing more was required of it. The art of pedicure was a sealed book to her, and she probably had no need for the services of a chiropodist. Elastic-sided boots could not possibly have produced dropped arches and corns.

I thought of her with envy when I saw Stanley gazing somewhat fixedly at the anaemic, flat-chested female in the scarlet bathing costume, with toe nails to match, who was leaning nonchalantly against the high diving stand. This was one of the occasions when a fit of the vapours would have come in handily.

He had seemed a little abstracted ever since I had appeared on the edge of the bathing pool with my feet in the process of being made healthy. They were complete with pads and bindings, and I seemed to detect a faint look of nausea on his face as he regarded them.

"Horrible, those painted toe nails," he said. "I can't imagine why girls do it," and he wandered over to have a closer look. Soon, they were exchanging light badinage.

I left the bathing pool and went straight to a shoe shop. I bought a pair of little American sandals with the new square toes. They had lovely slim heels and hardly any front, just a couple of cunningly arranged straps. I made a present to the girl who served me of my sensible, comfortable shoes. She was not wildly enthusiastic, but agreed that they would serve a turn on a wet day. Then I went to a beauty parlour.

"What is the latest colour in toe nail varnish?" I asked the young woman.

"Well, madam, the very newest from Paris is mandarin red, but it is rather bright. I should suggest coral for you, I think. Men don't like very red nails, do they?"

"No," I said, reflectively, "but I'll have mandarin red, all the same."

That Firm Tread

I must say the beauty treatment seemed to do my feet a lot of good. My hallux valgus did not cause me the slightest discomfort when I stood up in my new shoes, and my dropped arches seemed miraculously to recover. My mandarin toe nails peeped most provocatively through the little straps of the sandals, and if I ever had any corns they were certainly not in evidence.

Whether it was the new shoes or the effect of the lacquered toe nails, I do not know. The fact remains that I felt full of sex-appeal and well being. I went to meet Stanley with a firm, even tread. He expressed nothing but loathing and nausea for my rosy-tipped feet. He thought they were vulgar and rather disgusting. It was an entire mystery to him why any self-respecting woman should so deface her natural beauty.

He then went on to inquire whether I could dine with him that evening and dance somewhere afterwards. I meekly agreed with all his criticisms and accepted his invitation. A girl passed by with obviously healthy feet in a pair of sensible shoes. Stanley was too absorbed in noticing the loathsome colour of my toe nails to spare a glance of admiration for the natural beauty of her feet.

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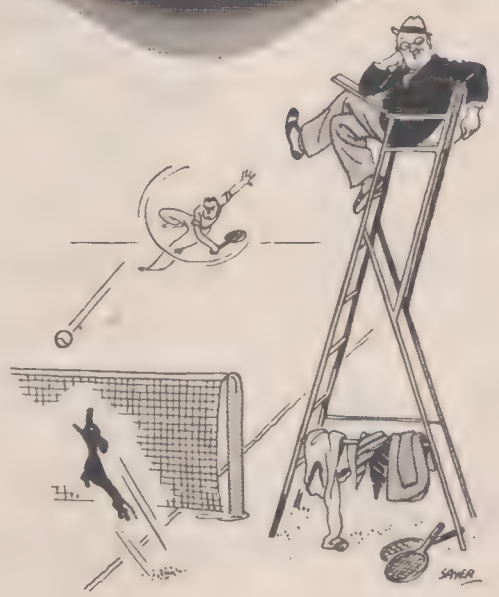

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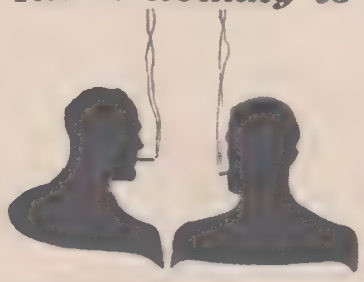

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His

● He appeared suddenly to make up his mind. "I did not write the address on that card."

IT was during the slump period immediately following the Great War. The high wages earned during the war years had now ceased, and those who had saved against such an event were beginning to discover that they had continually to dip into their "nest egg" to meet the ever-increasing cost of living. Many, and these were greatly in the majority, had spent the excellent pay earned almost as soon as it was received. Now with the hideous spectre of unemployment beginning to stare them in the face and funds running short, despair became natural in spite of the "dole."

I was in a similar unfortunate position; I had been unfit physically owing to an eyesight injury, to take my place on the fighting front, but this injury did not in any way prevent me learning a skilled trade. Soon after the war commenced I was busy doing my little bit on the "home front," and incidently doing it to the best of my ability with the result that when the war ended I was earning what to-day would be regarded as a first-class wage.

Unfortunately for me bullets and shells, or the ability to make them, are not required when all the world is talking of peace, and it was not long before I found myself unemployed, my savings gone and prospects precisely nil.

Just about this time I purchased one of those cheap overcoats distributed by the War Disposals Board. Taking the coat home to my lodgings, I unwrapped the parcel and made the usual examination that one makes after buying a new garment. In one of the side pockets my hand encountered a piece of thin cardboard, upon which was written in printed characters a name and address, and underneath a request that the finder should communicate with the writer.

I was on the point of throwing the card away as I remembered having vaguely heard of some undesirable activity that had taken place in this particular direction, when some spirit of devilment or the fact that doing something was infinitely better than doing nothing, prompted me there and then to write a formal note to the effect that I had found the card and, as requested, was communicating with the person concerned, of whose sex, I might add, I was unaware.

One morning about a month afterwards my landlady handed me a letter, the writing of which I did not recognise, and which had been posted the previous day from a small town in the Midlands. It was a reply from the sender of the mysterious card and the writing was a man's.

The reason given for the long delay in answering was that his address had been changed many times and my letter had followed him half way round the country. I learnt that he had been employed during the latter stages of the war in a garment factory, after having been discharged from the army as unfit for further active service. His habit of placing a card in the pocket of a coat finished by himself had been done, it seemed, out of curiosity to see what would happen.

My letter being the first and only one he had received, he was, I gathered, inclined to regard it as a lucky omen. He concluded with the information that he was a motor engineer by trade, was finding it increasingly difficult to obtain satisfactory work of a durable nature, and expressed the hope that he would hear from me again.

I was still inclined to view the whole matter as a joke, and quite a few days passed before I could make up my mind whether or not to write again. I thought, however, that a diversion of any nature compared with the present dull round of job-seeking would not come amiss, so I wrote my unknown friend a fairly lengthy letter in the course of which I told him some of my past history and my present circumstances.

Almost by return came the reply. My new friend, whom I will call Maurice Nuttall, wrote me a charming and thoroughly straight-forward epistle, telling me a good many additional facts about himself and seriously suggested that we should regularly correspond upon current and other topics.

I now entered into the spirit of the thing and became intensely enthusiastic in my next letter, and in consequence of the fact that we were both unemployed and other conditions and circumstances in our respective lives were curiously similar—we were both bachelors at the time—it was not long before we had arranged to meet each other.

I was curious to see what type of person my distant correspondent was, and found myself pleasantly surprised when we met at a London railway terminus some few months following our original written introductions. Nuttall was an intelligent man in his early forties, and we soon settled down in a convenient café for a talk. The outcome of our chat was a mutual decision that we should go into partnership and between us endeavour to wrest a living by working for ourselves.

The situation having been thoroughly discussed, and our financial and other assets temporarily pooled, it was discovered that we had little more than a few tools, our brains, a determination to succeed, and a doubtful twenty pounds realisable only by disposal of some of our unwanted possessions. However, once the step was agreed upon, it did not take us long to "burn our boats," and a week or so later found us together with our paltry assets, full of enthusiasm and ambition to succeed. We approached our

On Holiday Next Week?

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If you are not already a registered reader, turn to page 3 and sign the Registration Forms. Do it now!

CARD TRICK

task in what we considered to be the best way and decided to tramp the country, commencing with the more prosperous districts, looking for work of almost any description.

Never shall I forget the heart-breaking setbacks we suffered during the first few weeks. We obtained small jobs here and there both singly and together, and just managed by dint of tightening our belts to obtain the necessary money for food and cheap lodging at night. It seemed as if our venture was doomed to failure and we more than once discussed giving up the seemingly hopeless search.

Everything, it is said, comes to those who wait, and on rounding a bend in the road one day we came upon a motorist of evident wealth, for his car was of the luxury class, who appeared to be in some difficulty with his engine. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and tools and one or two parts of the engine were in the road.

Our offer to assist the obviously inexperienced and perspiring motorist was accepted, and we speedily had the engine back to life again and its owner's equilibrium restored. He was grateful and after hearing our story presented us with ten shillings apiece, wished us luck and suggested that there were doubtless many more motorists placed in a similar position as he had been who would welcome our expert help.

The incident of the stranded motorist I regarded as the turning point in our mutual adventures; the germ of the idea had been planted and we began to visualise the possibilities of looking for work where it was not so obviously to be found.

At the very next town we came to we decided to put the idea to the test. Carefully rehearsing what we should say, we commenced calling at the houses of those whom we imagined could reasonably be expected to possess a car, and respectfully made enquiries as to the possibility of carrying out any minor repairs.

The result of our first day's experiment was moderate and somewhat disheartening. We succeeded in repairing one punctured tyre, cleaning four sparking plugs for an elderly lady who mistrusted garages, washed down and polished one small saloon of the variety seen in thousands on our roads, and during the remainder of the day received sufficient abuse, mild and otherwise, from irate and ill-mannered house owners, to keep a Thames bargee supplied with expletives for a month!

We naturally lost some work that we could have successfully tackled through lack of tools, and at one newly erected house were asked to dig the back garden—an excellent suggestion on empty stomachs!

However, we decided to continue in spite of these setbacks, and for some weeks were able to obtain various jobs in connection with cars and their several ailments. With the money earned we purchased some badly needed tools, which enabled us to carry out work of a more ambitious character.

Our stumbling block to further success was the inability to carry additional paraphernalia owing to its weight, and it became obvious that unless we could obtain a small van or lorry our activities would be seriously curtailed. Luckily by making enquiries, we eventually picked up very cheaply a dilapidated Ford, and after considerable "vetting" got it going fairly well and fitted up a bench, vice and other gear inside. These purchases had reduced our liquid assets to practically nothing, and we soon got to work again with a will.

Success came slowly but steadily now, and by doing our work well and refraining from overcharging we earned some small recommendation, and it came, indeed, pleasant to find, after calling at one house, that our prowess had preceded us and that we were positively welcomed.

It was after some three years had passed and we had saved a small sum of money, that we decided to quit the travelling business and settle down in something of a stable and lasting nature. We also came to the conclusion that it was high time that we had some one to keep house for us.

After some difficulty a small garage was purchased, and by still sticking to our ideals of good work and fair charges a respectable connection was secured.

To-day we are established. My friend has married and built himself a house adjoining the garage, but I am still looking for someone to mend my socks!

We often spend an evening at his house talking over our adventures when times were hard and we did not know where our next meal was coming from, and it was during one of these chats some time ago, that Nuttall said to me: "Rogers, old man, have you still got that card you found in that overcoat pocket?"

I told him I had and said that I had kept it all this time as a sort of talisman. I wondered why he should have asked me this question, and glancing across the table at him I noticed that he was labouring under some mental stress.

Catching my eye, he appeared suddenly to make up his mind and said to me: "I did not write the address on that card, and when you took it from your pocket just now, was the first time I had seen it."

To describe my feelings after his admission would be useless; I just waited for his explanation.

Slowly it came: "The man who wrote that card and put it into that overcoat pocket, was not a man at all, it was a woman, and that woman was my wife. She died soon afterwards. She worked in the clothing factory. We were not happy. She was unfaithful, and when your first letter came I was frantic with rage because I thought you were another of her 'friends.'

"It was a lie when I told you that the long delay in answering was due to frequent change of address. During that time I was busy building up a scheme of revenge against you."

"I am sorry, Nuttall," I said.

He looked up at me and there were tears in his eyes as our hands gripped across the table.

TRUE LIFE STORIES

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You're Telling Us!

WHEN SCIENTISTS MET a few weeks ago to discuss the madness of mankind, they solemnly decided there was more insanity now because more people lived long enough to go crazy. This bright scientific thought explained many things that have been inclined to disturb the editorial somnolence. We were beginning to fear that some of the people who write to us had been crazed by seeing ghosts, by sorrow, by love, by *spretæ injuria formæ* by ingrowing tonsils and by the foundations of musick; it was a relief to learn that they are crazy because they have been allowed to live so long.

Continuing this line of learned thought, we tried to assess the age of our correspondents from their communications, and then, when we had finished with the postbag, we took to experimenting with the many Diplomatic Notes that are floating in space addressed to various Foreign Ministers. We cannot, of course, disclose our discoveries because Diplomatic Notes are Official Secrets, even to those that write them.

After explaining the general rules of this antidote to grey afternoons let us submit our own bald head to the interests of science in an attempt to keep readers from theological disputes, and discussions of the relative merits of the nine Beethoven symphonies as re-written for the cinema organ.

We are, however, convinced that you will have no difficulty in making a lightning decision as to our age, chest measurement, size in hats and general flat-footedness, so we would ask you to look at Exhibit B—known to his friends as Norman Southern. His only claim to fame, as far as we can tell, is that he lives in Warrington, a town that endures, surprisingly enough, despite the Black Magic we invoked while sitting on its wet cobblestones mending a puncture in a snowstorm.

HAVING FAILED to produce an earthquake, we inquired as to the root causes of this place, finding that its staple diet was wire, which probably explains Norman's desire to become a wireworm. . . . "If it were possible for a man to dig a hole right through the world till he popped out on Melbourne Cricket Ground, would he be upside down on his arrival there?" asks Norman.

"If after stepping out and sampling the local brew he went back and jumped into his hole, would he fall till he popped up in Warrington, again upside down? No, sir. When he had travelled a little way from the centre of the earth, force of gravity would pull him back to the centre again and he'd be suspended in mid-air. Suppose he had a balloon that could be inflated until it overcame the force of gravity? Then he could float back to the earth's crust.

"Now let us enlarge that hole and lay a polished surface so that we have a fine big, shining tube running from England through the earth to Australia. A business man wants to go to Australia. He wanders to the edge of the hole with his brief case tucked underneath his arm and gracefully leaps, spats and all, into space. The flow of air probably blows off his bowler hat, but he drops more or less easily to the centre of the earth, where he comes to a gravitation stop. He takes a balloon out of his brief case, has it inflated at the local filling station and glides up to Australia.

"When he pops out in Australia two men are waiting for his arrival; one sticks a pin into the balloon to stop him floating off into space; the other puts two planks over the hole to prevent his dropping back into space.

"Of course," adds Norman, "there may be a few snags in this rough outline, but think of the fortune I'm going to make by bringing Australia within jumping distance." And how old did you say you were?

The follies of over-eating

SERVICE

on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

WE ARE SURE you don't mind our sacrificing you in the interests of science, Norman, suggesting readers should have just one guess at the number of your years. Think of all the guinea-pigs and rabbits and dogs that have been deprived of their youth so that physicians can prevent aged swashbucklers from paying for the follies of over-eating.

Then we feel we must tell you of Gunner J. E. Smith, who, from the ruins of Quetta in India, delivers himself of a powerful counterblast on the blasphemies that have been written about a hell after this life.

"While those who commit the more obvious crimes are punished," he says, "inventors of lethal weapons that will do more damage than all the housebreakers and common felons are acclaimed as men of genius. The thief languishes in jail; the man whose guns will murder millions becomes a leader among men. Such is the logic of mankind—and it's justice"—according to the gospel of Gunner Smith.

Getting on in the world

"We are told that everything goes by the law of comparison," he continues. "A man is known as a good man because he compares favourably with other men. Suppose there were no bad men; how then would we know the rest were good? Therefore, evil is necessary, and, as a necessary evil, cannot be condemned. Hell is supposed to be the place of uncertain temperature where man accounts for the sins committed while on earth, but, if those sins were necessary, why the reckoning, why the punishment?"

To our way of thinking this idea of Hell is the most absurd of the metaphysical banshees that have been raging in the world since men reluctantly stopped pleading with Lugal-Amarada, Baal, Isis and U-dimmer-an-kia to send rain or to stop sending rain. There is something chastening in the thought that men have burned and pillaged, butchered women and children and sacrificed each other to appease a god whom they thought had a vast area of fire and brimstone ready for their post-mortem reception. Still, gods may come and gods may go, but talk of Hell, despite Gunner Smith, goes on for ever, helped along by pious gentlemen, who, forgetting that religion is love, try to enforce their creed by threats of sulphur to come.

FROM FORGOTTEN GODS let us turn to forgotten Persons of Importance whose monuments provide birds with strange perches and little boys with bad examples of getting-on-in-the-world.

"Why can't the people responsible for statues take some advice on technicalities before leaving their works in public places?" asks Ronald Burton. "As monumental 'howlers' we should preserve the war memorial outside the Royal Exchange in the City of London, showing a soldier who, despite all the laws and regulations of musketry, is standing with both hands over the muzzle of his rifle, and the monument to the Duke of Wellington, who disdains the use of stirrups."

Probably there's more in this than meets the eye, Ronald, as the old lady said of the grapefruit. Perhaps the Iron Duke even when turned into a bronze statue never would have stirrups; perhaps the soldier has been put there merely to annoy sergeant-majors who pass that way.

In fact, you cannot make us excited about the way these monuments are designed; our protest is that they should never be designed at all. Think of the forgotten eminences and high excellencies and blustering, self-advertising nobodies in whose memory we waste space; go out to look at them, on maddened horses that are for ever about to deposit them in the roadway, in Roman togas, in tights, in top hats and in need of cleaning.

Then join Uncle Joe's League-for-Boiling-Down-Monuments-to-make-Nut-Crackers-for-Toothless-Gorillas.

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Solution Next Week

CLUES DOWN

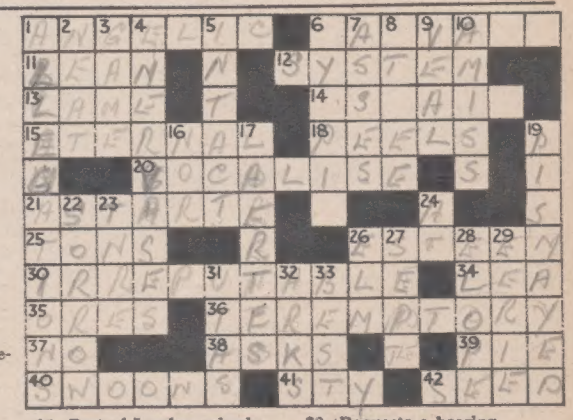
1. Assertions which if 30 may become accusations.
2. Pure and undefiled or perhaps just tidy.
3. May not be worth the candle.
4. Perhaps induces that sinking feeling.
5. Not necessarily unbreakable, but at least unbroken.
6. So is a noon-day owl.
7. Wild, silly, or just ordinary beasts.
8. May afford ingress or egress.
9. These reveal something dry (hidden).
10. A damsel astray.
16. Found in north but not in south.
17. Ophelia's brother.
19. Dime days may be terrified.
22. One who is 19 may be in this.
23. Rent followed presumably.
24. Half 2.
26. This tree in pet would provide window fixture.
27. A division.
28. Cruel operation conceals disappearing act.
29. Rather creepy.
31. A poisonous tree.
32. Vessels of Channel isle.
33. Must be superlative.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Of heavenly appearance.
6. Back-slapping possibly.
11. Cassius had such a look.
12. My Tess in orderly arrangement.
13. Such a male may halt.
14. Bone and flower of Egyptian deity.
15. Real ten are imperishable.
18. Castles in sleep.
20. Give voice to something.
21. Star tea for Phoenician goddess.
25. Part of London suburb.
26. Appreciate highly.
30. This cannot be gainsaid.
34. Take the field from 11.
35. These are unrefined.
36. Property me (anagram).
37. Not expected from a yes-man.
38. Requests a hearing.
39. Usually dished and should be tasty.
40. S O S now (anagram).
41. Abode for animals in style.
42. A poppy in the corn.

SAATER	STAMPER													
OLEAGINOUS	RAOB													
ROMP	GENTILITY													
ANNE	IT	ODES	AS											
CEASED	PREAMBLE													
I	N	N	O	S	U	B								
CATASTROPHE	REV													
M	LURID	O	ANNA											
AB	TRIPLICATION													
DEFOE	E	U	SOT											
DRESDEN	SHAH	S												

Solution to last week's puzzle



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A8

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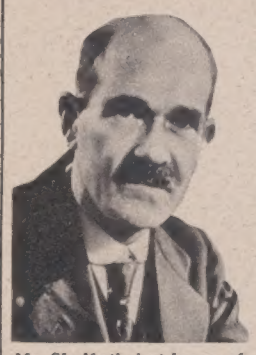

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